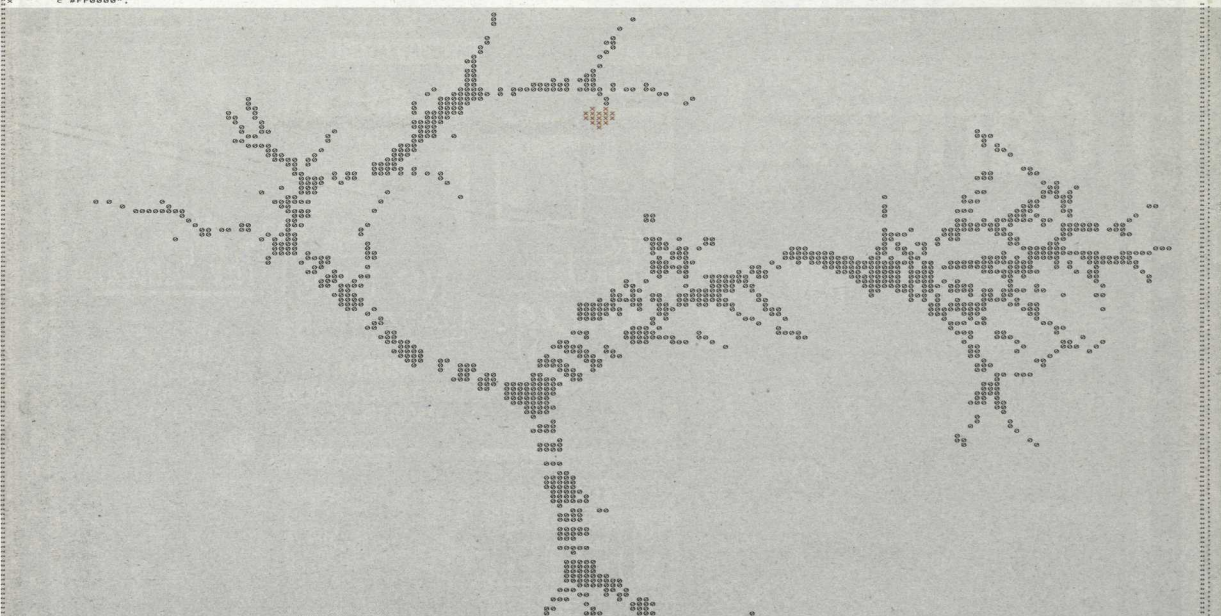


DISCORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR 101.9 FM

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Robert Lockwood Junior Ariel Pink Young and Sexy Romance Love and Mathematics
Pride Tiger Dress Rehearsal Destroyer Fun 100 Cadence Weapon
Philip Glass Test Icicles Akron/Family Tortoise and Bonnie 'Prince' Billy
David Yonge Ladyhawk Top Ten The Weather The Tough & Lovely Greg
Davis The Futureheads Shindig Retrospective Can Music
Critics Date Musicians? Can Music Lovers Date Music Lovers? Can We Date At All?

Can we talk? but dancing is still cool, right....?

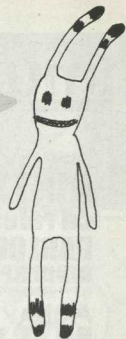
DISCO

February 2006



THUS SPAKE THE BEARD

By David Ravensbergen



Growing a beard is about more than just facial decoration—it's a lifestyle choice. What originally began as something of a playoff beard, grown during the tedious months of composing a mammoth research paper on American fiction and psychoanalysis, has since taken on a life of its own. Each new day yields another reason to avoid trimming my bristles: from Black Mountain comparisons to the drunken advances of beard-admirers at the Pit Pub, I just can't bring myself to shave. Perhaps it's because my essay still feels incomplete somehow. At the end of such a long endeavour, there's always some material that just can't be included; much like cutting features from a magazine, it's tough to see a good quote go to waste. There's one in particular, a little gem from Don DeLillo's first novel *American*, that I'd like to rescue from obscurity and share with you:

"Every man wants to grow a beard before he dies. It's one way of saying fuck you to everybody. Look, I'm nearing the finish line. I want a beard. It cheers me up just to look at it in the mirror."

Granted, the character in question is an aging, embittered advertising executive, and I'm a youthful idealist who doesn't particularly want to say "fuck you" to anyone. But I do take a quiet pleasure from seeing my own hirsute reflection, and I think that DeLillo truly captures the complex psychological resonances of facial hair, or something like that. Perhaps I've just been reading too much psychoanalysis—it's even been leaking into this issue. If you look hard enough, you can see the mechanisms of the unconscious at work all throughout this month's features: Ariel Pink's deranged compositions are clearly a result of the transference of childhood trauma into his art. Although we've tried to aid the healing process with our mixtape feature, the psychic fallout of Shindig's controversial decision would best be dealt with in group therapy. Then there's Ladyhawk and Pride Tiger, whose ongoing debauchery reeks of indulgence in Freud's death instincts. You get the idea. When it comes down to it, I'm just really excited to leave my paper behind, and begin my tenure as the new *Discorder* editor. I promise next issue all this psychoanalysis will stop, just as soon as I castrat...cut off this beard.

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RDER

Notes on this issue:

Ok, it's 2006. So we should be living on the moon or something. But we're not.

We are, however, using sans-serif fonts. Today, it's 'Trade Gothic', a bold and uncompromising face that reeks of speed and modernity. I've been using it for all the column and section headers. The feature-headers are in 'Blockhead', the hand-drawn font for people who are too lazy to draw and scan and clean up and redraw when the title of the article is changed. It's alright, it's not amazing. The body font, is as always, Century Gothic 7pt. This month's cover wasn't so much drawn as it was generated. I ran an actionscript from levitated.net, and saved a slightly altered version of the resulting imagery as an xpm file. I consider the xpm to be an amazing piece of ingenuity. I then hand-ASCII'd the heart onto there, because I was thinking about Valentine's Day, and David and Caroline thought I was being an asshole for not using colour at all. **Kat Siddle** drew the Sock Monkeys, and Weakhand (who it's awesome to relieve a phencol from because we speak in codenames, or... he does) did the calendar. Thank you everybody.

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STRUT, FRET AND FLICKER

By Penelope Mulligan



David Yonge in *The Damned*

Over the years, David Yonge has wrestled automobiles, violently dismantled appliances, hurled his inner child down the stairs, drunk paint and performed in a funeral home. He also plays in Rock'n, a wonderfully wanky, 80s-style guitar band. All of these diverse pursuits sit quite comfortably under the heading of Performance Art—in fact, viewed that way, they make a lot of sense.

Yonge calls his latest work "performance art disguised as film." Two years in the making, *The Damned* is set a century ago in Vancouver, and features the artist himself as a man haunted by a bestial creature which he realizes he is becoming. How he resolves his torment is extremely disturbing, and can be given many classic interpretations—from atonement and purification to merging with the primitive. Let us bog down in the heavies, there's an alternate ending that's short, tragic and hilarious.

The 40-minute film is meticulously produced, and Yonge shows the same attention to set, props and costume as in his live work. Both he and cinematographer Shawn Bristow evoke the period in a spare, almost sensual way, and it's strangely moving to imagine how much of the city we inhabit was wilderness back in 1905. The fact that we'll be viewing it all in 3D promises an eerie, textured experience.

As usual, Yonge puts his body on the line, even though the film medium would have allowed him to fake it (in a couple of scenes, he ran the very real risk of being either shot or incinerated). But this is consistent with his assertion that he made *The Damned* in the spirit of performance, and only opted for film to avoid dragging an audience around B.C. to the far-flung locations.

But Yonge may be downplaying his move into filmmaking. He has always created striking environments from which to assault us with the apparent simplicity of his actions. The layers only start peeling away in the moments after a piece ends. Already, it's clear how film is both liberating and refining this voice.

The Damned will screen at Video In on Saturday, February 25 at 7pm, 9pm and Midnight.

THE PLUGHOUSE

Remember when Zed really blew your hair back with astounding short films from all over the world? We're not sure why the show went a bit limp, but do know that indie gems are still out there—and many of them are animations.

One place to find them might be the Ottawa International Animation Festival. The largest of its kind in North America, the OIAF issues a yearly "best of" compilation, which, at only 11 films,

reveals barely a tenth of what screens during the four-day fest. The true standouts share a deep assurance about what it is they're actually saying. Form and technique (uniformly excellent) are simply an extension of this: A puppet animation from Poland is 17 riveting minutes of Faustian horror, while a 3D monochrome piece from France has a chorus of Kermit-like creatures trying to resurrect their dead creator (who bears an uncanny resemblance to the late Jim Henson). From Great Britain comes a hyper-real evocation of London, in which a delightfully quirky Japanese girl "settles in" to a soundtrack featuring the bewitching Joanna Newsom. An experimental/abstract piece from Germany was so visceral that my usual unresponsiveness to the genre just crumbled.

Curiously, only Canada, Europe and the USA are represented in this year's traveling showcase, but the Euro/North American divide still makes for some interesting comparisons. The 80-minute programme is well worth a look—and though you can't watch it at home in your jammies, you don't have to go to Ottawa either.

The Best of Ottawa 2005 screens at the Pacific Cinematheque on February 9 and 13 at 7:30pm.

ALL AGES!

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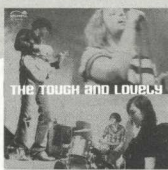
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RIFF RAFF

By Bryce Dunn



The Tough & Lovely



The Futureheads



Top Ten

So I'm giving our new editor Dave an ulcer as we speak, rushing to meet an already passed deadline and keep my head off the chopping block, but trust me, I wouldn't have it any other way. How can you pass up the chance to read about these fabulous pieces of plastic every month? Stomach ailments be damned!

That being said, I begin with **Top Ten**, a fantastic outfit from the Bay Area, featuring the mighty Tina Lucchesi (of too many bands to mention here fame). Tina and her cohorts knock out four top-notch rock and roll gems that fall somewhere between her previous bands **The Bobbyleens** (glam-pop and **Deadly Weapons**)' punk. Really, she oughta have a trademark or something permitting no one else to use that formula—it's a sure thing, baby. "Never Get Enough" and "Don't Ever Leave" are catchy, rough-around-the-edges pop songs that employ some great guitar work from former **Deadly Weapons** member Erin McDermott. A cover of **Richard & The Taxmen's** "Now We're Through" features a locked groove ending laid down by bassist and subject of **The Torettes'** classic tune "I Hate" Richie Bucher, and cemented by sexy drummer Layla LaDucci. Coupled with a reworking

of **NRBQ's** "I Want You Bad" (which in itself is a fun **Raspberries**-style power pop tune), these tracks make perfect additions to the themes of young lust and loves lost prevalent in a lot of Lucchesi's songwriting. Bonus points for the baseball theme trading cards that come with the record. Trade 'em with your friends! Collect them all! Best of all, no stale gum included. (Lipstick Records, no address given but email the band, taptentbabes@gmail.com for more info.)

Fans of **The Detroit Cobras** and lovers of soul music will definitely want to get their mitts on **The Tough & Lovely**, a Columbus, Ohio quintet. "Tough & Lovely", their de facto theme song, is a gut-busting good time for singer Lara Yazvac, who channels early Tina Turner while her band smokes and burns alongside. "The Lover's Curse" relents a little in the vocal department, but swings like **The Everly Brothers** meeting **Mary Wells** for an all-night rave-up. Just when you thought the craze had run dry, there seems to be a plethora of groups keeping the torch lit for this style of garage soul, and **The Tough & Lovely** are among the top of the heap. (Spoonful Records, www.spoonfulrecords.com or www.toughandlovely.com).

Lastly, we've got the latest from the Sunderland sons of quirky pop, **The Futureheads**. "Area", (written by guitarist Barry) is slated to make an appearance on their forthcoming sophomore LP, and it's a chip off the old familiar block: full of the three-part harmonies and layers of post-punk sound evident in most of his repertoire. "We Cannot Lose" gives bassist Jaff a kick at the can with positive results, but "Help Us Out!" is the stand-out here. With guitarist Ross at the helm, the tune speeds along with jagged leads played with such a sense of urgency that it makes you want to spin it over and over, helping them out to make it your next new favourite song. Comes in a die-cut sleeve with a poster to boot, and worth the price of admission. (WEA Records or go to www.thefutureheads.com for more info).

That's it for now—I'm off to buy Dave some Maalo! See you next month!

Ladyhawk/Pride Tiger Tour Diary

Purple is the new pink, and Pride Tiger is the new Thin Lizzy

by Julie Colero

So there's this amazing Ladyhawk t-shirt making the rounds, designed by Steve Hubert, the band's spiritual guide. It's a self-portrait of Steve, more than a little Rushmore-hero-looking, in a very Cosby-esque sweater, holding a microphone up to the heavens. I have it on lead singer Duffy Driediger's word that this shirt, when worn, gets guys laid. Every time. Lady Luck follows not only Ladyhawk followers, but the band itself. Ladyhawk was the opener on Black Mountain's fall U.S. tour, and was picked up by the band's U.S. label, Jaggiaguar. After three grueling weeks on the road, the band decided to take a much-needed break to write a few new songs and re-record their debut album. This break came to an end late January, as the boys teamed up with fellow Vancouverites Pride Tiger for a three-day mini tour, gracing Victoria, Vancouver, and Whistler with their presence. The Vancouver show was huge, the other two, not too shabby. I tagged, along for the ride, and took in as much as I could about eight dudes who are pretty fucking adept at having a good time wherever they go.

Friday started nice and slow with a sunny ferry ride from the Tsawwassen terminal to Schwarz Bay. I was afforded the chance to meet the Hawks and Tigers over White Spot fries and gravy (not as good as they used to be, I'm sorry to say), and was quickly caught up to speed on the trials and tribulations of the touring life. Driediger was more than a wee bit groggy, as he'd spent a recent night waiting on the floor at a Vancouver hospital to have a nasty ear infection diagnosed and dosed up. Not one to spoil the fun, though, Duffy was going to give them his all to keep the tour on track. Huddled



Darcy Hancock, as rendered by Ryan Peters

over a table with Sharpies in hand, he was busy producing high art for the Saturday night show, which was rumored to have a projector. Also busy drawing unflattering portraits of his bandmates was Ladyhawk drummer Ryan Peters, whose rendition of guitarist Darcy Hancock garnered more than a few guffaws, and a later debate as to the origin of Darcy's reputation as the most haggard of the 'Hawk.

The Pride Tiger boys managed to elude me for most of the trip, gathering only briefly on deck for a gloriously lit photo shoot. It should not have surprised me to note that all in the band were familiar faces, as Pride Tiger is made up of S.T.R.E.E.T.S. and Three Inches of Blood alumni Sunny Dhak, Matt Wood, Bobby Froese, and Mike Payette. I'll let you sort out the who's who for yourselves...

VICTORIA

Soundchecks went off like a charm, and before anyone knew it, the Lucky Bar was full to overflowing with concert-goers eager to catch a glimpse of Vancouver's finest. Victoria band (with Kelowna transplants) The Greatest Explorers in the World started the night off right, getting the crowd bumping and grinding (I wish I was kidding). Ladyhawk followed suit, doing their best on a night when Duffy was struggling to stay upright. Often visibly out of breath between songs, Driediger kept it together long enough to provide a wonderful introduction into the world of Ladyhawk for myself and the other uninitiated in the crowd. The band was much lighter than I had expected, having heard that they were more in the easy-going free-rock'n' vein of things. Instead, the crowd was treated to a solid, if slightly sordid-sounding, bluesy-rock set. What proved by far the most impressive, though, was the side-stage presence of friends and Tigers, all of whom knew the words to every song by heart. You've got to have something special going for you to inspire dedication like that.

By the time Pride Tiger hit the stage, everyone was in full party mode. If Ladyhawk was tight, these guys were, uh, tightest. I guess that's what you get when you take your job seriously, but not too much. Guitarists Dhak and Froese didn't even spare each other a glance before lighting up the most intricate of dual guitar solos, and so far as a layman could tell, Wood's drumming was bang on, as were Payette's bass lines. And all this after hours of pre-show drinking down by the water.

After the show, we were offered up a Ladyhawk mansion retreat, complete with an algae-infested hot-tub, or a quiet night "just chilling out" with a school-friend of Wood's and the Pride Tiger guys. The quieter option sounded the wiser of the two, and so it was off to the suburbs. Upon entering the house, buddy Stu invited us to make ourselves at home, ripped off his t-shirt, and headed straight to the living room, where he proceeded to crank Thin Lizzy to maximum volume. It looked as though the plan to do some PT interviewing wasn't going to work out, as the boys were all hooked up, chum-style, singing along at the top of their lungs, for pretty much the full Lizzy back catalogue. The night was a conversation write-off, but a pretty good taste of what was to come...

I awoke Saturday morning to the PT van taking off, with the boys intent on getting an early start to the day. Not only was the band playing, but they were also playing host to the Varsity show. Froese, Dhak and Payette are shared owners of Bloodstone Press, a union shop and kickin' party venue, a business they've built, according to Payette, "from the fuckin' ground up. It started with a press in my basement at the Georgia St. House. We just bought a press and started doing shirts for bands and stuff. It eventually grew into what it is now and we never borrowed money off a bank or our parents or anything." So there you have it. Dreams really do come true.

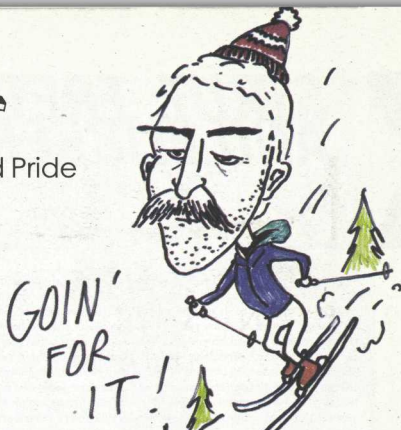
But back to reality, or a foggy version of it, for a second. The better part of the day was spent hanging around Victoria with the Ladyhawkers and their entourage, doing a bit of celebrity spotting

(David Suzuki! Too shy to snap a pic!) and record shopping. Although the exact number cannot be confirmed, it is rumored that guitarist Hancock invested in the entire Midnight Oil back catalogue at Lyle's Place, a purchase not particularly welcomed by roommate Peters. It wasn't until Amanda got a little distracted and started driving us along the scenic road to Nanaimo that I got in some quality Q and A time with Duffy and Ryan. We joked about bossist Sean Hawryluk's affinity for Dungeons and Dragons and his desire to share his obsession with everyone within hearing distance, but talk quickly turned serious, when the subject of the band's ever-impending record release was breached. "We had to re-record it," explains Driediger. "We recorded it first about a year and a half ago, and sent it away, and we got on our label [Jaggiaguar], and they were like, 'well, we really like the songs, but we don't think that the recording does it justice.' and I kinda felt the same way. They gave us money to re-record it, so it was like, why not?" Asked about what exactly was at fault with the original recording, Peters offers, "it was just too same-y." Driediger explains, "We recorded it all live, did it really fast, and it sounded shitty, but not in a good way. Our new record sounds shitty, but in a better way." Both recordings were done with Colin Stewart of the Hive, with the only big difference being that the new one was recorded in part at the band's jam space. "We dragged the 500-pound real-to-real down to our jam space. That was the hardest part," says Peters. This strenuous effort is rumored to have paid off, as those who have had the chance to hear the recording, not due out until some time in May, are convinced of its greatness.

"When the album comes out in May, that's going to be a new beginning for all these songs, because we'll have to tour them for a year. That could be frustrating," says a level-headed but still somehow optimistic Peters. "There are a couple of songs that we didn't quite nail on the second recording because they mutated, or maybe evolved, past the point of..."

"...sweetness," finishes Driediger. It seems the two are in sync with the way these things go. But truly, optimism pervades. The band, in its current incarnation, has been together for more than two years, and their enthusiasm at eventually having their music heard outside of just concert venues is clear. Driediger jokes, "It's better to have our expectations low. We're not the best band you'll ever hear, but we are the most unprofessional. That's my motto." Somehow it's hard to take this nonchalance too seriously, as easy-going as all four dudes seem to be.

Ladyhawk are all childhood friends from Kelowna. As Hawryluk explains, "We started the band originally backing Duffy up for a couple shows at Pat's Pub. After the second show we decided we needed a band name, and not just be Duffy Driediger (& the...), Duffy had a crap load of names that we all went through and short-listed our



Ryan Peters as conceived in the medium of Sharpie pen by Duffy Driediger

favourites. Ladyhawk didn't necessarily appear on all our short lists (I don't think it was on mine), but after a few days of thought we all figured it sounded the most like us, and it was short and sweet. No "the", and it was easy as hell to remember. We are very much in love with birds and ladies too, so that helped us settle on it."

VANCOUVER



Ladyhawk @ Bloodstone. Photo by Marcie Larson

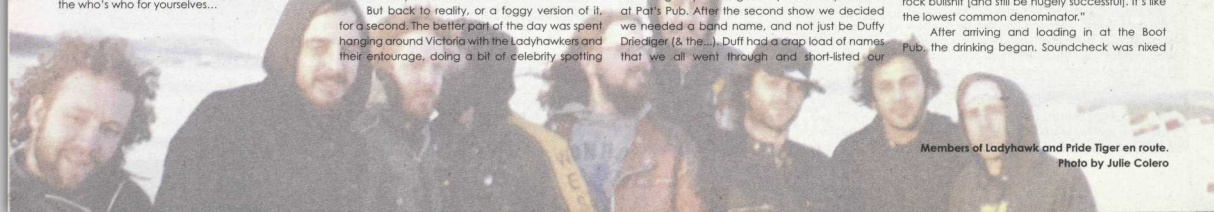
On Saturday night I left the bands to their own business, as there was no need to interfere with a quality home-town party. Bloodstone's warehouse was packed to the max by 11 pm, with early-birds treated to a tour of the premises and offered first dibs on the six kegs of beer. The show seemed less about watching the bands than being seen and chatting it up with those in the know (the show was strictly word-of-mouth). The party went off without a hitch, with nary a copper in sight and little damage done to the space. The only problem, and this a minor one, was that one guest smuggled popcorn inside in his toque and managed to get it everywhere—everywhere. Sticky beer floors made that one a bitch to clean up.

WHISTLER

Sunday afternoon I was picked up by the Ladyhawkers, all truly colossally hung-over, and we were on our way up the mountain. The ride was peppered with tales of tour's past, with large amounts of praise heaped on Black Mountain's Josh Wells, who kept things together on the fall tour. "I felt so bad asking him every morning for directions," says Hancock; as Hawryluk later explains, on top of playing every day after an 8- to 12-hour drive, Wells also acted as tour manager and mapped out the bands' routes. The band holds Black Mountain in the highest of esteem, and Driediger suggests that "they could drop the stoner rock bulsh!t [and still be hugely successful]. It's like the lowest common denominator."

After arriving and loading in at the Boot Pub, the drinking began. Soundcheck was nixed

Members of Ladyhawk and Pride Tiger en route. Photo by Julie Colero





Members of Ladyhawk and Pride Tiger raising a glass to Punk Night. Photo by Julie Colero

in favour of a two-band dinner, slightly more pricey than planned, as the night's openers. The Wednesday Night Heroes, had run out with all of the food vouchers. A round of caesars was ordered, and we toasted the final stop of the tour with a rousing, "Here's to Punk Night!" Everyone was pretty psyched to see what kind of crowd the less-than-obvious Calvin and Hobbes-esque poster would round up.

Dearest of Pride Tiger fans, please, by no means believe that I'm shrill trifling your homeboys. It was more than a tiny bit tricky getting all four guys in the same room at the same time, and things didn't really take shape until pre-show time on Sunday night. It turns out that PT often has, according to Payette, "a bunch of lesbians at our shows because they think we're a gay band." The band's name has a much more complicated origin, though, which in Payette's words, goes something like this:

"We'd watch Tim Lizzzy videos and have these things called Wizards' Councils on Sunday nights where we'd get together and drink Pride Pops,

which are Okanagan Spring Apple Ciders, and just get totally fucked up. [We named the band] after 'Ride the Tiger', a Dio lyric from 'Holy Driver'. We talked about it for, like, six months, and then we jammed. It probably wasn't that good, but we thought it was awesome. Our first jam was like, 8 hours. We wrote 'Far Out', that was our first song. It's not on the new album. Only the 'loos' know those genes."

Although singer and drummer Wood was willing to go along with most everything I presupposed about his band, the others were less eager to get behind my all-to-one-dimensional view of them as a "party-rock band". More appropriate terms thrown around over the course of the weekend were "thrash rock", "boogie rock", and, ever-so-mysteriously, "glue-rock". As to the flood of Tiger bands on the Vancouver scene at the moment, what sets PT apart from the rest was, originally, a 'y' in the 'tiger'. The issue can now be pinned down more concretely to the fact that "we're such good-lookin' fellas," according to Wood. There's not much disputing that...

The Saturday night show at Bloodstone was meant to be a CD release party for PT, but things got a little messed up the week prior to the shows. "It's such a long and terrible story," states Wood. "We had a record company contractual litigation difficulty, so unfortunately we couldn't put the record out. We've spent the last month trying to get it ready for last night, but last minute it didn't work out." It turns out that Froese and Dhak are locked up in a contract with US label Roadrunner because of their affiliation with Three Inches of Blood. "We were the fools," grumbles Froese. "We signed our souls. We're Roadrunner artists, basically." And so the waiting begins. "They have first rights to the band, to hear the band and possibly sign it. And I don't think they will."

The album was recorded at the Hive and at Bloodstone with Jesse Gander, "the sweetest dude ever". Gander "fronted money for us to get the goddamn thing mastered," says Payette, "only to find out less than a week later that we can't put it out." The fact that things came together so quickly took everyone in the band by surprise, as PT has really only been together in its current form since S.T.R.E.E.T.S. and Three Inches returned from their summer tours. "There's no rush," according to Froese, to get the album out there.

When it comes to songwriting, PT has a different approach than Ladyhawk, eschewing personal lyrics for inside jokes about each other, and songs about the band van and practice space. "It's really deep stuff, you know. It's blue collar, man," asserts Wood. As to the band's purpose, says Payette, they just want you to "put your beer up in the air, raise your can of beer on high. [We're] that kind of party rock."

That's pretty much the course that Sunday night took, with fluorescent beers sloshing around onstage and off, and girls in small shirts and dudes in t-shirts rocking out whilst picking up. Some may have been there because of previous run-ins with S.T.R.E.E.T.S., a band that tours constantly but has next to nothing available to buy. "It's totally cult," explains Payette. "We recorded our last album

three years ago, and it's our best work, and there's maybe, like, 100 copies floating around. It's so stupid, but kinda cool, though." One Whistler fan in particular made a point of personally congratulating each and every one of the eight musicians on how rad their work in S.T.R.E.E.T.S. had been.

PART(Y)ING WAYS

After three successful nights, there was nothing left to do but get completely wasted. Yours truly called it quits at a respectable 3 a.m., but, as my interview tapes attest to, most of the others stayed up until it was time to leave at 7 the next morning, interviewing each other on subjects as diverse as celebrity urine consumption and, uh, "cock-knocking".

And so there are many, many things that spending three days in the company of near-strangers can't explain, as eager as the boys all were to talk. The secret language of Gnar continues to elude me, as does the origin of some very creepy cat-calls the Pride Tiger boys use to keep each other in line and on the drink. It wasn't until I got back that a friend chose to shed light on Duffy's pre-Vancouver Chicago sojourn, and the record, never released, that he recorded there with Tim Ruffell of Red Red Meat fame. To be honest, there's a lot of back-cataloguing that I didn't get around to, but gladly encourage curious readers to search out, with help from Deer and Bird records and Hive Studios, just to name a few sources. If you're not piqued by back catalogues, no fear, as you've now got the heads-up on two very promising spring releases, and two very excellent bands to view from front and center at every possible opportunity.

Check out Quinn Omari's review of the Bloodstone

Press show at www.disorder.ca



Philip Glass

by Mike Rinsma

Out of all the art forms, I can never decide if I like music or film the best. As a result, whenever I watch movies I pay close attention to the soundtrack, and similarly, when subjecting myself to MuchMusic, I focus on the fragmented visual accompaniment for each song. For me, nothing is more artistically pleasing than a harmony between the two forms, where both visual and aural mediums unite to create something greater. My search for this perfect unity has ultimately led me to the works of Philip Glass, whose hypnotic compositions for the 1983 film *Koyaanisqatsi* bring the interplay of the audible and the visible to new heights.

Philip Glass emerged as a successful composer during the late 60s, pioneering the subtle melodies and soundscapes of minimalism with contemporaries Steve Reich, La Monte Young, and Terry Riley. The term 'minimalism' is often criticized for its ambiguity, since the limited range of notes and melodies in minimalist compositions typically contain a wealth of tonal variations. The use of mathematical formulae is the genre's governing trope, taking basic melodic structures, or cells, and expanding them through structural manipulation. Phase shifting is one such technique, in which cells of identical material are played simultaneously, with each layer running at a slightly different tempo. This creates a swelling echo effect, as the growing disparity between each melody spawns a dissonance that attacks the listener.

Aside from the analytical use of frequency ratios and static drones, minimalism gains its impetus from the influence of non-western music. As a young composer struggling to find his own voice within contemporary classical music, Glass moved to Paris in 1940 to study with the renowned professor Nadia Boulanger. While in Paris, Glass encountered the work of sitar legend Ravi Shankar for the first time, eventually transcribing his compositions into western notation for use in the films of Conrad Rood. Inspired by the techniques learned through this rigorous process, Glass began to explore the music of Northern Africa, India, and the Himalayas, incorporating these traditions' use of repetition into his own compositional style. In *Koyaanisqatsi*, Glass' multicultural methods reach their zenith, illustrating the potential for the reinvention of rhythmic structures and melodies in the encounter between different cultures.

Koyaanisqatsi takes its title from the language of the Hopi, a native American nation, and translates roughly as "life out of balance". Directed by Godfrey Reggio, the film unfolds as a series of collages



and juxtapositions between images of urban and traditional life, avoiding dialogue in favour of the suggestive orchestrations of Glass. Long, repetitive pieces transform slowly over time, hypnotizing the listener and allowing the music to work on a level beyond conscious analysis. Backed by a steady, driving pulse, the unfolding images

suggest an uncanny similarity between the constructed systems of industrialized life and slower, natural rhythms. In one sequence, cyclic Indian melodies are interwoven with accelerated shots of New York City traffic patterns, creating an overwhelming impression of the city as a living, breathing organism. As the apocalyptic tones of the repeatedly chanted Hopi prophecies indicate, technological growth has become malignant, expanding in conflict with ecological systems.

Although there is a palpable sense of doom throughout the film, this interpretation of Glass and Reggio's multifaceted work is too simplistic. *Koyaanisqatsi* excludes dialogue precisely so it can avoid this kind of didactic tone. When Philip Glass comes to the Queen Elizabeth Theatre on February 23, the live exchange between the film and the full orchestra should reveal the work as far more complex than simply another tedious critique of modernity. According to Glass, the immediacy of a live performance emphasizes the complementary elements of the visual and musical forms, creating the possibility of new interpretations. Like two dancers whose contrasting, simultaneous movements occasionally come together and join to move in parallel, the divergent forms of the film and the soundtrack meld to create a unique whole. For those lucky enough to attend the live performance, *Koyaanisqatsi* promises to be an artistic feast, with musical styles and cultural perspectives from around the globe.

Philip Glass and the Philip Glass Ensemble will be performing

Koyaanisqatsi, February 23, at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre



art by Phieu Tran

February 2006 7

Shindiggin' 2005:

by Chris-A-Riffic

SHINDIGI has always been about one thing: trying shit out (that, and drinking that stout beer that tastes like winter). My favorite moment of Shindig was when I saw Trevor Thompson (AKA **The Rain And The Sidewalk**) for the first time. I left after six minutes. I escaped outside and thought, "That scrawny, long haired son-of-a-bitch cannot sing!!" Then former Terminal City music editor John Cow convinced me of the man's genius, and I realized how light-assed I was about the whole thing. Trevor was the most bizarre thing I ever saw, and I'm still pissed off by how I reacted to him. I remember seeing **Dandi Wind** for the first time, and how no one in the crowd knew what to make of her (God bless that leotard-wearing, audience-attacking temptress). And **Gong Bang!** so snotty and all thumbs, but different from anything I've seen. And **Hejira**, who weren't everybody's cup of tea, but won a lot of converts during their Shindig performances. That's what I remember. I also remember voting against a certain

band whose members will never let me live it down.

So SHINDIGI has been criticized for being too safe this year. I concur. But you must understand, a weird thing happened. Last year, Ben Lai got 90 demos from hopeful bands; this year he received a third of that. So we organizers all started puking blood, and asking every cool yet eligible band we knew to play Shindig. For the most part it was great, but it also kind of backfired. Shindig sort of turned into a "What's Hot" showcase, and it stopped being a refuge for **Motorcycle Men** and **Panty Boys**.

Round 1: (Nature of Things/Fun 100/Lise Monique) I predicted a **Hot Loins/The Weather/Cran** final even though that might have been impossible. And another thing—we should pay closer attention to the way we treat singer-songwriters at this event. They seem to have less chance to win a round than singer-songwriters with a backing band. **Fun 100** won the first match over the under-rated **Nature Of Things**

(who contained members of last year's Shindig entry, **Le Petit Mort**), but I really liked Lise Monique. Her songs were quiet but interesting. I haven't seen her name in a while, so I hope she's just plotting her next move.

Round 2: (The Jolls/Go Ghetto Tiger/Likely Lads)

This year's **Rain** and the **Sidewalk** has got to be **Go Ghetto Tiger**. It's the project of ex-RADIO bassist Marquis Blaquiere, and it's a tough listen. I'm still trying to digest the elevator dance music they concoct, but I'm getting there. They lost out to pop-punkers **The Jolls**, who were my guilty pleasure of the whole tourney.

Round 3: (Rock'n/Windfall/Avatar)

Night three was spent with my friend Caroline, and what did we do? We sang and danced to every **Rock'n** song (they only have, like, eight but they are all gems). The others didn't stand a chance, although Japanese Pop outfit **Windfall** were quite unique in the "no one has played this kind of music at Shindig before" sense.

Round 4: (Hot Loins/Andy Collins/The Belushis)

Hot Loins were awesome on night four. They were the most interesting of the 27 bands. We all have our favourites, and they are mine. That frickin' keyboard sound is so cool. The guitar parts are so off and sloppy and perfect. And the drumming! And the green ginchi! Had to be there.

Round 5: (Elas/The Hunter Cometh/Peter LeGrand)

Elas won the fifth night. They formed after the folding of the band **Second**. I have always criticized bands

with a keyboard/vocalist who sets up front center. I said it about **Hot Hot Heat** and I say it now. That keyboard looked so enormous and clunky. Set it off to the side so I can concentrate on other things. Like your well-crafted tunes and the rest of your fine band.

Round 6: (The Weather/The Smokes/The Woods)

Stellar bands like **The Weather** come around once every 100 years. Their songs aren't incredibly bizarre, but their approach is unique. I can't say enough about Rick, the bass player; he is such particular guy when it comes to where he plays in the song. And name another band that has one guy dedicated to playing the bass drum. They won night six. My car was in the shop, so I celebrated with four beers.

Round 7: (CRAN/Romance/Tomster)

And this leads me to the first upset in my mind. **Romance** seemed hell-bent on beating up on bands from Abbotsford or anywhere near it. **CRAN** was first, and his performance was awe-inspiring. That guy was nervous. I've only seen him play to crowds that loved him and sang along with his songs, but that bloody crowd was not having it. He oversang, shouted at hecklers, and he did this over-the-top spin move that hardly dent the frosty glares of the crowd. I was like, give him your love, dammit!

Round 8: (You Say Party! We Say Die!/Crossbone Cadillac/Locator)

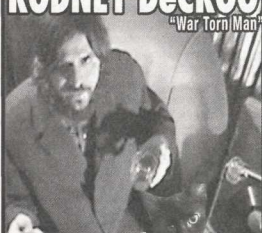
There was a lot of brow-furrowing when the fantastic **You Say Party! We Say Die!** was allowed to enter our little contest. Some critics cried foul at the thought of an established band being at Shindig, but I say

Friday Feb 3
The Marine Club
**HEARTWARMONGERING
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**THE HUNTER COMETH
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plus guests

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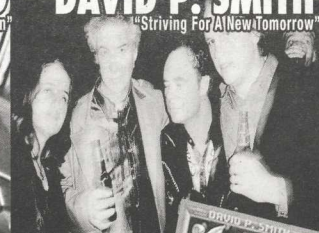
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plus

THE ROBOSEXUALS!
plus
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From NYC
THE TOASTERS
From L.A.
SATORI
(members of Rx Bandits)

and
Helicat Recording Artists
from Boston
WESTBOUND TRAIN

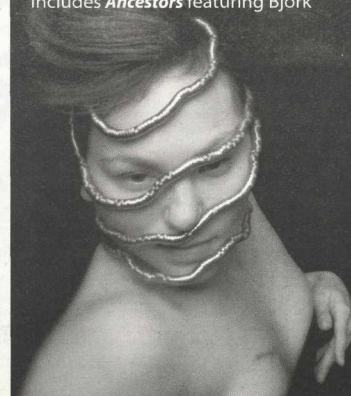
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RECORDS

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<-- art by Will Brown

...luck that shit. We asked them because we thought they could add a dose of class to our little ma and pa show. We were correct. They won night eight easily.

Round 9: (Astoria/Corsair/The Safety Show)

Night nine's winner's **The Safety Show** (members of the **Robosexuals**, minus the drummer) had the best introduction to any set in the history of Shindig! (I'm stretching). They started from the smoking room of the Railway Club, walkie talkies in hand, screaming **RED LIGHT! GREEN LIGHT!** on the strength of their intro alone (well, maybe a bit more than that). They beat out competitors **Astoria** and **Corsair**. Corsairs were quite a sight to see. They were a goth-ish rock group with a cellist and a tuba player, so I was intrigued when they laid out a nice groove in the first song. But after that, it sounded like they were all soloing at once.

Semi-Final 1: (Fun 100/The Jolts/Rock'n)

Semi-Final #1 was a wonderful rock

spectacle. Who do you vote for? First we had the tight rock riffs of The Jolts (who played quite the amazing set that night). Next up was the spastic spectacle of Fun 100, who played well, but they saved the best for last. And then there was the orgy of the senses from Rock'n. They all tried to one up each other, and the audience was not disappointed. Fun 100 squeaked out the victory, if the three bands play a show together again, please go.

Semi-Final 2: (Hot Loin/Eliaz/The Weather)

Hot Loin and The Weather, on the same night. Hot Loin set up on the floor, which was great idea, but they played quite sloppily. I've seen them play much better. Eliaz and The Weather stuck to their game plans, with both bands playing sets that were much like their sets in the first round. The Weather was elected to go on to the finals. I love the scarves and I love the posters and I love the cheesy into music

they use at every one of their shows. Sigh.

Semi-Final 3: (Romance/You Say Party! We Say Die/The Safety Show)

You Say Party! We Say Die!, in my opinion, didn't have a hope in hell. Let me speculate: it seemed like their underground buzz and their warm reception on the Pitchfork pages might have poisoned the home reaction. Just saying. Romance had some wonderful songs, but You Say Party! also backs up good songs with an energetic show. Just saying.

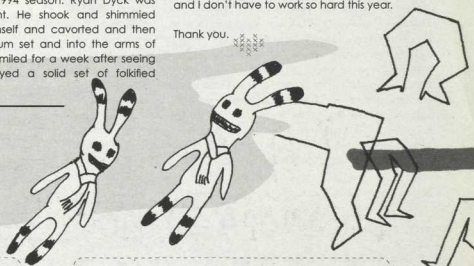
Behold the Finals: (Fun 100/Romance/The Weather)

Fun 100 played the most wonderful show of their lives. They dressed up like their favourite Vancouver Canucks from the 1994 season. Ryan Dyck was deranged that night. He shook and shimmied and fell and hit himself and convulsed and then crashed into the drum set and into the arms of his brother, Bruce. I smiled for a week after seeing that. Romance played a solid set of folkified

pop songs. The knock on Romance seems to be their lack of energy. Granted, they just go out and play and not much else, but their songs are sturdy enough to stand on their own. The Weather ended off Shindig with nicer posters and more energy. They are the most diplomatic and neutral band. They seem to play just for the joy of playing, and we all had fun watching them.

SO! Romance won. Most people were shocked. Shocked the hell out of me. Some people (I know who you all are, you robots!) went so far as to boo and then went off to Rossen Street to pillage. Not nice. I implore all the wonderful young bands of Vancouver to get their songs just right and send it CTR's way to Ben Lai and I don't have to work so hard this year.

Thank you.



They had their Showdown on the stage at the Railway.

Now, it's time for the rematch on your fashionably antiquated cassette player!

So, do the awesome thing, find these tunes however you manage to, record them onto cassettes, and get ready... For a

MIXTAPE DEATHMATCH!

ROMANCE

SHINDIG! FINALIST MIXTAPE

We don't have much to say about our track list. We just love those tunes, and pride sizes kids ass.

SIDE A

- 01 The Cure | A Forest
- 02 Men at Work | It's a Mistake
- 03 Marry Me | One Night in Bangkok
- 04 The Headphones | Shi-Talker
- 05 Joel R.L. Phelps | Ave Patricia
- 06 The Knack | Let me Out
- 07 Tom Petty | Need to Know
- 08 Moon Martin | Nine Thoughts

SIDE B

- 01 The Sultans | It Means Nothing
- 02 Ch. 3rd | The Queen
- 03 PrideTiger
- 04 PrideTiger
- 05 PrideTiger
- 06 PrideTiger
- 07 PrideTiger
- 08 Boston | More than a Feeling



THE WEATHER

SHINDIG! FINALIST MIXTAPE

SIDE A: Before The Night Is Over

- 01 Dungeon | Panda Rick Casty.
- 02 Judy Garland | Smile
Liz: "I taught, I cried, I hoped it would never end"
- 03 Echo and the Bunnymen | Crystal Days
Jerry: Anything from the first four records is a surefire pick-me-up while doing the dishes.
- 04 Edwin Collins | Never Met a Girl Like You Before
Norman: Sometimes all you want is a big mouthful of cotton candy, even if too much of it will make you hurt.
- 05 Art Brut | Formed A Band
David: "Formed a band, we formed a bond! Look at us, we formed a band!"
- 06 13th Floor Elevators | Slip Inside This House
Rick: Good Psychodelia.
- 07 Patti Smith | My Generation
Liz: Even as an adult, this version makes me want to run away for home to join the Rock or Roll Revolution.

SIDE B: Breakfast Is Served

- 01 David Bowie | Always Crashing in the Same Car
David: I first heard this song while listening used romantic comedies at Charles Music on Granville with my headphones on. I almost started dancing in the aisle.
- 02 Nina Simone | Do What You Gotta Do
Jeremy: Such a unique voice and amazing woman. It doesn't get any better than this.
- 03 Talking Heads | Once in a Lifetime
Rick: Good.
- 04 Hot Chip | You Ride, My Ride, In My Ride
David: I first heard this song while listening used romantic comedies at Charles Music on Granville with my headphones on. I almost started dancing in the aisle.
- 05 Sonic Youth | Pattern Recognition
Liz: If you thought a was impossible to pound your fist in the air without being overly ironic, think again.
- 06 The Band | I Shall Be Released
Norman: Alan's no falsetto can beat that.
- 07 The Fall | Early Days of Channel Futer
Jeremy: Look, I was shocked when the live-up on the Light Year Syndrome quit. Fall Heads Roll has brought me back home.
- 08 Ray Obison | It's Over
David: No one should be without the dark prince of the dream world and king of the broken heart.



FUN 100

SHINDIG! FINALIST MIXTAPE

We originally sent in "wee! wee! wee!" as our description for this tape, but that wasn't cutting it 'cause we had 400 words to explain how significant these songs are. I guess I will write a short intro that just says I like it better than the one the Weather will write but not quite as good as the one Romance will write. Does that sound better? I hope not. Instead of having a tape full of obscure noise bands that played in Hungary during the summer of 1992 or an indie or punk club a short mile, we threw in all the stuff we rip off either blatantly or mindfully just to show where we get our ideas from. We all knew what songs were gonna be on here when Bruce threw out the idea in fact, there a little folder on my computer with lots of these songs in there called "Inspiration." That's a fact. Listen to these songs and then listen to our CD (available at finer music stores everywhere) and try to find all the connections. It's fun. And that's also a fact in the spirit of ripping things off, here is a little something I stole from a book of hockey scores: Steve got a 3:11 shot.

John Lennon and Yoko Ono cheer on Gordie Howe:
"No. 9 ... No. 9 ... No. 9 ... No. 9 ... No. 9"

ADAM

- 01 The Hand | Get Fresh!
- 02 The Clean | Telly Ho
- 03 The Monks | Complication
- 04 Fugazi | Epic Problem

BRUCE

- 01 Guitar Wolf | Loveword
- 02 MCI | Kick Out the Jams
- 03 The Hand | Sleep Tight, Mary Rivers
- 04 Gals | Soda
- 05 Scientific | Lightweight Contender

MARCUS

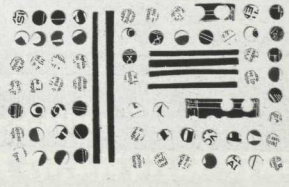
- 01 New Order | Blue Monday
- 02 Talk Talk | It's My Life
- 03 Gary Numan | We Are Glass
- 04 Greg Pillingame | Behind the Glass
- 05 The Spits | Being

RYAN

- 01 The Damned | New Rose
- 02 Pained Sides | You Must Be Crazy
- 03 Flap | Julie Francisella
- 04 1910 Fruitgum Co. | 1,2,3 Redlight

STEVE

- 01 The Ramones | I Don't Want to Go Down to the Basement
- 02 Minotaur | Oinks to It
- 03 Jawbreaker | Bad Scene, Everybody's Fault
- 04 Promise Ring | Best Looking Boys
- 05 Screaming Wurst | Dependent



Emily Kane

We met at a gig some years ago: I was a small-time music writer, and he was a rusty musician looking for a band. At first, half of our connection was based on our shared love of music. Similar taste and mutual attraction lead to nights out at the Railway Club, or nights in listening to P.J. Harvey and Peaches. I made him mix tapes and he bought me the Postal Service on vinyl. I'd never had a boyfriend who liked the same music I did. It was thrilling. "If only he was actually in a band," I'd think to myself. "That's the only way our perfect love could be even better." Of course, I could never be in a band, as much as I wanted to. I had no sense of rhythm and people winced when I hummed. But he had talent. He liked the stage. He had to find a band. Eventually, after we'd been together for a long time, he did. And I didn't like them.

It wasn't like they were bad, objectively speaking. It was just music that I wouldn't listen to. Which would have been fine, but at the time I made a living judging other people's music. How does a music critic date a musician? A great person comes with all sorts of flaws, which may include divergent taste (the horror). And it's no secret that creative genius doesn't necessarily make for a good partner. I like Pete Dinklage's work, but wouldn't bring him home to meet my mom, you know what I mean?

As great as my boyfriend was, I had trouble turning my critical urges off. And I couldn't shake the feeling that refusing to hear his band critically was to dismiss him as a serious musician. But perhaps most importantly, I realized, I was using music to align myself personally as well as professionally. My musical preferences were as significant to me as my politics. They helped define who I thought I was. This was

probably a much-delayed response to being a musical loner much of my life, the one kid that no one would let near the stereo in case she'd replace MuchMusic 2000 with some weird crap no one had ever heard of. Ironically, it was this early isolation that made the first, feedback-drenched stages of our relationship so exciting. And now my two great loves diverged before me as my man took on a musical project that I just didn't get. "What the hell?" I asked myself. "Wasn't he supposed to be in The Kills or something? And why do I care so much?"

What do you do when you love your significant other, but you don't like their band? When someone starts out as Nick Zinner but turns into Nick Lachey? I'm still with my boyfriend, and he's still with his band, so we must have worked out the tension somehow. Maybe I just got over myself. I still get the odd twinge whenever he pulls out his Flying V, but it's no worse than the vague impatience I feel when he hogs the remote. Just another idiosyncrasy that you learn to accept, because really, you don't have it that bad. In fact, you actually have it pretty good.

Music writers will always be drawn to musicians. Critics will always just for artists. It's the nature of the business. So here's my advice to you, Discorder readers, about how to deal with hating the band.

1) Figure out what you dislike about the band.

Determine if your partner perhaps has the same misgivings. If the things you hate about the band—the stupid outfits, the songs about unicorns and hobgoblins, the V guitars—are what he or she loves, maybe the whole band operates at a level of irony you've never dreamed of. You hope.

2) How involved is your partner?

Is she the main songwriter, or is she in the horn section? Does he come up with the lyrics, or just fill out the bass? Know this and you will know how deep you're buried. If you hate the band and your sweetie is the driving force behind it, there may not be hope for you. If your boo is just along for the ride, maybe he just likes being in a band (even if it is a neo-Celtic jam band). At this point, you can stop worrying about his bad taste and start worrying about how you're going to get through the gig without anyone noticing you.

However, even fringe players can be really attached to a project. If your sweet love is really into his or her band, maybe you should just shut up about it. If they've held your hair back while you vomited, done karaoke because you thought it would be "fun," or suffered through your electroclash-and-legwarmers phase without complaint, maybe you should suffer silently.

3) Suffering for love is good.

The western ideal of suffering for love doesn't explicitly encompass sitting through your beau's set of Indigo Girls covers, but trust me, Romeo and Juliet never knew pain like this. Enduring more gut-wrenching agony than Tristan and Isolde, and all in the name of love—in it that the most romantic thing you've ever heard?

4) Maybe You're Wrong

What would music be like if everyone listened to all the naysayers who encouraged them to focus on "better" projects? Besides, I bet if Pitchfork gave your girlfriend's band a good review you'd actually give it half a chance. Hey, it worked for Kelly Clarkson, didn't it?

5) Observe the Following Rules

- Lying Is Bad: You don't have to pretend to like the band.
- Discretion Is Good: Be honest, but be nice. After all, you're probably working on a really crappy screenplay right now, aren't you?
- You do have to go to a reasonable number of gigs.
- You don't have to poster if the posters are ugly or have hobgoblins on them. If you do poster, and get caught, pretend you're being paid to do so by the headlining band.
- It's shallow to jump on the bandwagon if the band suddenly becomes the next big thing, though it will be easier to say "I'm dating the guitar player" in public.

Above all, you should remember that

6) Rock and Roll is all about making the Wrong Choice

If you're dating someone in an East Van reggae band, chalk it up to trendily self-destructive behavior, like drug abuse or Uggs Boots. Do all your friends hate him? Even better!

(photo by Andy Hudson)

why music nerds should not love

(a disorder valentines day special)

Quinn Omari

"It's not what you're like, it's what you like."

High Fidelity's Rob Gordon spoke those words, and while I can't think of any friends who live by them, for music lovers, there's a fairly large consensus out there that it's a lot easier to connect with someone who shares a love for the same music as you.

That may be true, but trust me, it's far nicer to get involved with someone with different taste, or even someone who doesn't like music much at all. It's counterintuitive. I know, but as music lovers, it's dangerous to connect with someone who loves the same kind of music as you. Call me a pessimist, but eventually you're going to break-up. And, when you do, you're going to lose ownership over all that wonderful music you shared. Let me be clear, that's not "ownership" in the "I'm so indie, and you don't deserve to listen to that band" way; not at all. We all (I hope) want to see our favourite musicians get a little bit of well deserved recognition, but with deep interpersonal relationships, it's different.

A friend of mine summed it up best after breaking up with a recent romance: "Oh, and one more thing, TV on the Radio were my band first."

In relationships, you share things. That fact is all well and good,

but when you enter splitsville you're going to have to divvy up whatever makes it out of the fire. I've got no problem if you want the Ikea desk, coffee table, hell, half of my money (though, to be fair, half of zero is zero). But, I want the following back: Ryan Adams, The Jesus and Mary Chain, Cat Power, and all those records you "borrowed" for too long. If I'm going to get drunk and mopey and shout along to Morrissey, I don't want you doing it too. Even more to the point, I don't want to run into you (and God forbid, your new boyfriend) at the Stars show.

The thing about music is that it's not flowers or a box of chocolates. It doesn't die, it isn't devoured and forgotten, and you sure as hell can't take it back. Once you put that Stone Roses cut on that mix cd, and a week later let the whole record get copied from your computer to her iPod, you've lost it. And, every time you hear "She Bangs the Drums," you're not thinking of Ian Brown or John Squire, you're thinking of how that song, that band and their music, got stolen from you. The Stone Roses (and they're just a random example), of course, have thousands of other fans aside from you, but it's that one fan you helped create that's the kicker.

I'm going to assume I'm not alone among Disorder readers when I say that record shopping is one of my favourite things to do. And, you know what? When I've just been ditched by my formerly significant other, I want nothing more than to stick some headphones

Splitting Up Means Splitting Up Our Records.

in my ears and head down to Scratch or Zulu. You know what else? I don't want to run into you. In a recent article on Tiny Mix Tapes, the writer summed up his very opposite feelings as follows:

"This is why it is such a beautiful thing when you can walk through a record store with the person you are totally crushing over and watch as they stop at all the sections you were going to stop at."

Maybe he's right, but I'd much rather know that I can head down to my favourite place to blow money on records and not see that after the storm.



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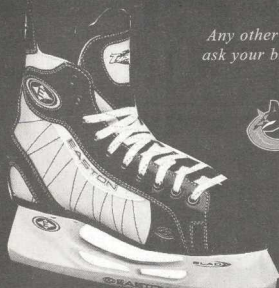
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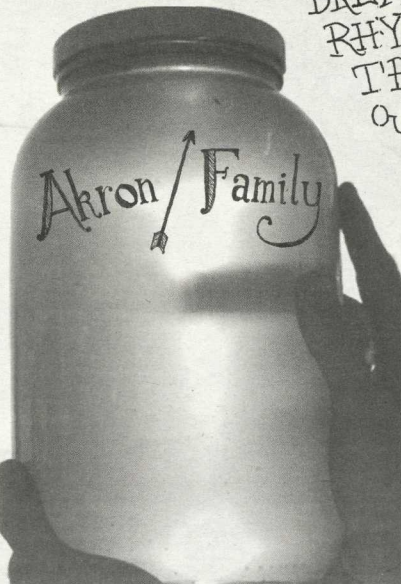
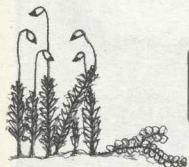
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Akron Family

BREATHING
RHYTHMS
THROUGH
OUR MINDS



By Luke Meat

It's your typical "move to New York to follow your dreams" story. Only this tale doesn't have a Midnight Cowboy-style ending.

Described as "four extremely nice, sincere and well-mannered young men from rural America who came to New York City in 2002 to make music," the Akron/Family made three home studio demos before attracting the attention of Swans founder, poet, and Young God Records owner Michael Gira. Not only did Gira release Akron's first two albums, but he also requested that they become the backing band for his own solo project, Angels of Light.

One impression you get when you hear Akron/Family's music is that of total happy abandonment. No Wave Noise blends into four-part harmonies while The Band plays on. Their live shows have been described as organic chaos. Talking to Akron member Dana Janssen on the phone was more like a jovial chat over pints at the local, rather than an interview.

Dana Janssen: Bonjour?
Discorder: Bonjour Dana? J'mappele Luc Meat.
Ahhhhhhhhhh! Monsieur Meat! [laughs]

Comment ça va?
I can't speak French man! [laughs]

How are ya man? I'm so glad we finally got to hook up! We were playing phone tag for a week or so.
Well, did you hear how dramatic it was the last time you called?

I heard you spilled coffee all over your crotch?
[marital laughter] Yeah, my phone was across the table and I heard it ringing and I was like, "Oh shit, I know who that is." I did this dramatic leap across the room but unfortunately there was my coffee in my lap!

I'm sorry to have caused you such pain. But the Vancouver show be your first time in Canada?

Nol I'm in Montreal now! We played last night and Toronto the night before. It was fucking amazing! I gotta tell ya, the Canadian crowds, dude... they're the best we've ever had! Seriously! In Montreal these cats can fuckin' throw down! You guys have some pretty high expectations too, man. It's our third time here, we love Canada. What about the West Coast? Do you guys throw down?

Uhhhhhhhhhh...I dunno, Dana. Vancouver's reputation as an audience has been compared to a rug on Valium sometimes.
[laughs] I understand. There's a bunch of hippies out there, you guys are all stoners...

Well you guys have a song called 'Future Myth'? What you just said is the 'Urban Myth'! [both laugh]
Does the Akron/Family record every jam they do? How rehearsed is the band?

No, we don't record everything, though we love spontaneous improvisation. We think that's the truest form of music. We are very, very rehearsed but we do improvise a lot. The live show is really improvised.

That leads me to ask, what are we going to see on March 4th at The Media Club?
Ohhhhh man! It's gonna be off the hook man, it's gonna be great. For example, last night before we started, the DJ was playing "Hey Ya" by Outkast and we said to the crowd, "We're not gonna start playing until you all start dancing to this!" and we started jamming along to it which led to a noise jam, which led to a song. It was great.

Michael Gira has always scared the shit out of me. I love his music, and the Swans always struck me as the type of band who if you didn't like would fuck you up sonically regardless. What is the difference between an Angels of Light session and an Akron/Family session?

Playing with him is different, because, well, it's a different kind of music. He's mellowed out a lot, he's like 51 or 52. Apparently he used to be kind of

an ass. He was really difficult to work with, which was why there were constantly revolving cast members of the Swans, but he's just very specific and he cares a lot about his music.

Did he approach you or the opposite?
We approached him. When we were sending out CDs we specifically sent one out to Young God and he got back to us immediately. He came out to about four shows, and he was like, "We should work together."

Since you share a label with Devendra Banhart, does Akron feel an affinity with the so-called "freak-folk" movement? Bands such as Sunburned Hand of the Man, and Six Organs of Admittance... is there even a "freak-folk" movement?

I dunno man, maybe there is! I guess with the term "freak-folk" it's like writers and critics need something to compare us to, so they find a bunch of bands that are kinda the same, but not really, y'know?

Your harmonies are incredibly clear. Does the band actually warm up vocally before practice? Y'know it's funny, our first practice space didn't have a PA. We were sometimes just trying to sing over the amps. A lot of the time we would just go to the studio and practice with just our voices, so a lot of the record came out of that.

Okay, one final question. You do know that comparisons to The Beatles have been brought up in reviews... [sighs] Yeah...

That's a pretty tall glass of water to choke back. How do you feel about it?
My Mom read me this review of us once and she said, "The best thing about people comparing you to The Beatles is that you sound nothing like The Beatles!" [laughs]

The Akron Family will be blinding us with love at The Media Club on March 4th.

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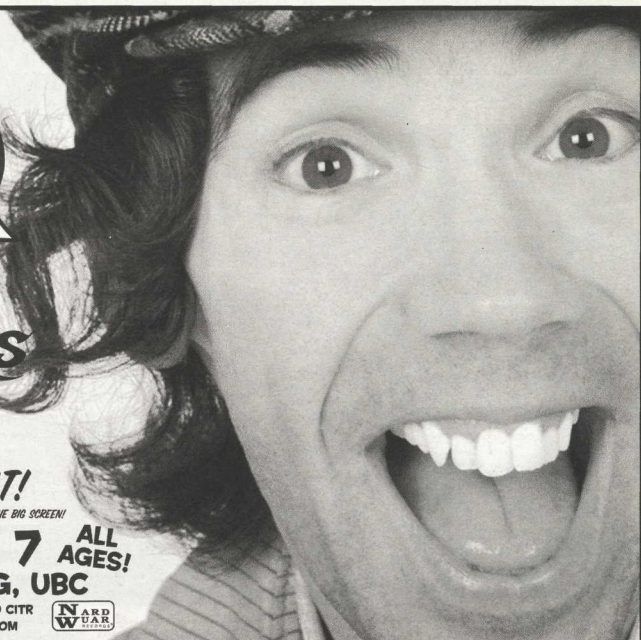
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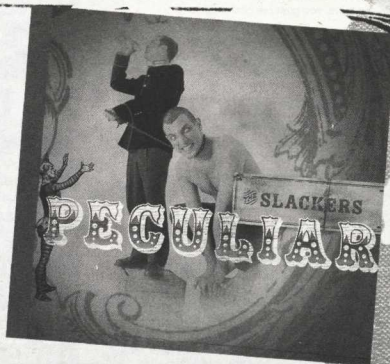


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All Greg is Saying is Give Sounds a Chance



Ben Vida and Greg Davis @ The Butchershop. Sarah Spencer photo

by Caroline Walker

The dying embers of the Butchershop Gallery provided the space on January 8th for three distinct musical partnerships: Greg Davis and Sebastian Roux's duet de Powerbook, Davis and Ben Vida's (floor) resonating work, and Vancouverites Andy Dixon and Lee Hutzlark's subtle electronic mash. The laptop was the common denominator of the evening; as this unassuming instrument becomes standard, it is fascinating to consider how it shapes interactions between artists and audiences. After the show, I caught up with Davis to hear his perspective on the electronically expanded music community, collaborations, changing ideas about the laptop, and his own evolution in a world of sound.

The concept of space has been irrevocably altered by the rise of the internet. Forget Montreal—the internet is the new “it” city. Beneath the virtual urban debris of celebrity blogs and porn, a primordial ooze of creativity leaches its way to the surface, and coalesces at any location with the proper connectivity. Musically, this meta-community permits geographically distant collaborative efforts, such as the recent cross-Atlantic Paquet! Surprise from the American Davis and the Parisian Roux. Although I romantically envisioned a star-crossed blog entry bringing these disparate artists together, their story actually began in the traditional manner of artists, with one crashing at the other guy's pad. Davis, who now lives in Minnesota, met Sebastian two years ago after playing a festival in Paris. And upon completion of his solo European tour, he made good use of Roux's hospitality. When Davis got back to Chicago (where he was completing his undergraduate degree in jazz studies at DePaul), the two began a sound file exchange. The resulting album was released on Carkap Records at the end of 2005.

Sonically, the music is without a familiar structure, but with my eyes closed in the dim laptop glow of the Butchershop, I felt wrapped up in a rich blanket of sound and psychological warmth that countered the physical chill of wet Vancouver air. The music guided listeners on a journey of flowing organic texture to unexpected destinations. Given that Davis completed a Master's degree in composition, it's not a shock that he would find such innovative musical structures. While Davis' touch is definitely felt on the album, the collaboration with Roux (who works at the famed computer music institute IRCAM: Institut de Recherche et Coordination Acoustique/Musique) allowed for the emergence of sounds and patterns that Davis alone wouldn't have considered. The distance of this collaboration removed the pressure of time, so each artist was free to craft a sound before sending it to the other.

“Being a solo musician with a laptop, it's so easy to have your own home studio and record. You can live anywhere, and with small pressed labels, get your music out to people without having a scene or a community. It's nice, though, to feel a part of the musical community and play with other people; but I've always been such a perfectionist, and have such specific ideas, that I have to do it myself. But over the last few years I've been really satisfied with collaboration and it refreshes my mind for my solo work.” Aside from collaborations

already available with his good friend Keith Fullerton Whitman (aka Hrvatski), Steven Mess, and Sebastian Roux, some recordings with Ben Vida (aka Bird Show) will hopefully surface in the next while. Bird Show was also on the bill at Butchershop. His late 2005 release on Kranky, *Green Inferno*, is meditative in its own right but pales in comparison to the live experience.

For their current tour, Ben asked Greg to be a part of Bird Show's performance, and the duo provided the aural zenith of the evening. The two played off one another for an unspecified length of time, that, due to the hypnotic nature of the experience, I could not accurately quantify. The drone of Tibetan singing bowls and the percussion of bells created a living sound, while the incorporation of Vida's keyboard and Davis' laptop added interest and a welcome mix to the cultural appropriation. Such improvisational meditations refuse to be fully captured by a recording; the feeling of air conducted through the wooden floor of the Butchershop and into the body of the listener cannot be replicated. Had Vida and Davis existed in separate spaces, the music would have undoubtedly morphed into something entirely different; their unique live sound depended on them sharing that space, their energies interacting with the tones they created. No system of file exchanges could replace this—the social function of music is in no way threatened by electronic advances. Technology and this new connectivity merely offer another way of doing things. This new complementary method of music-making was showcased in the purely laptop-based performance that followed between Roux and Davis.

The laptop is a rather strange instrument. It really has no particular sound or attitude, nor is it obvious to the audience what relationship exists between the musician's touch pad and the emanating music. Yet the computer has an unparalleled capacity to create unique and complex combinations of sound from many sources. So does Davis feel that the computer is gaining respect on par with traditional instruments? “I thought so for a while, but I think it's over. There was a period when people didn't mind going to a show and seeing people sitting behind a laptop. I've always made it my mission to prove that I am actually doing something with the laptop when I perform. There are a lot of people that are really lazy about performing live with a laptop, and it's easy to do because people can't see what you're doing. But if [the audience] knows your music well enough, they can tell that it's just a track from the CD.” In an effort to demystify the instrument, as well as quash the stereotype that computer musicians are a secretive and misanthropic lot, Davis is exceptionally open about the processes and software he uses. “In the end, they are just tools. A lot of people think that if they use the same software they'll be able to sound just like me, but that's not the case at all. You make your own music and figure out your own solutions.” While furthering the laptop's drive for recognition as an instrument, Davis' own musical evolution continues. “As far as pure laptop performances, I'm getting really tired of it. More recently I've been trying to incorporate live instruments and only using the laptop to add colour or sounds

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that you can't get from anything else.” Davis' waning interest in the laptop may owe more to his experimental nature than any concern about the status of laptop-as-instrument.

Alongside his openness about process, Greg is the antithesis of the secretive electronic musician in his private life. Prior to speaking with him, I toured his blog, which, unlike the more removed, cerebral variety, is filled with personal experiences, pictures of family dinners, and home-grown organic vegetables. This is a genuine guy with an open-mindedness that extends far beyond his musical adventures. He often travels with a digital recorder, regularly on the prowl for a sound that “perks his ears up.” “I've always taken recordings all over the world, like taking pictures. An aural memory of a place... I recorded some great sounds in Arizona last week. Me and Sebastian were hiking around this pond where my parents live. The first twenty feet were frozen but the centre was still unfrozen. We were sliding these rocks across the ice and, I don't know how to describe it but, if you bang on a slinky...”

Despite being frequently tossed in the burlap sack of “folktronica,” Greg has absolutely no respect for the genres created by journalists. Greg formerly recorded under the name Asterisk, but decided to begin using his own name just prior to releasing *Arbor* on Carkap, and says it allows him to do whatever he wants because whatever the sound, it's all him. And sound, with due respect to the path broken by John Cage, is everywhere, and everywhere is music. Having a firm grasp and appreciation of the experimental masters on whose shoulders he now stands, I asked Greg whether he is daunted by the pressure to create something entirely new. “It's interesting to think that now that the world of sound is wide open and anything goes, what do I do? Well, I'll just do what I do and get to work on my some things out. I've always felt that so much music has been done and there are not too many new things to try or do, but there are always new combinations and hybridizations. Now with access to so much music and sound, it's important to listen about genre and just enjoy music and sound for what it is as an overall experience and not differentiate. For me, it's about synthesizing all of those inspirations and things I hear and funneling it out.”

Destroyer The Enigma Next Door

by Curtis Woloschuk

A decade has lapsed since Destroyer's Dan Bejar appeared on the Vancouver music scene armed with a rapier wit, dextrous wordplay and a penchant for assailing. In that time, devotees have seen him move well beyond the four-track tinkering and bedroom-born folk of *We'll Build Them a Golden Bridge* and *City of Daughters*. With a full band enlisted, he recorded seminal *Thief* and *Streethawk*: A Seduction, elevating his music to new anthemic heights. With the release of the latter album, North American music pundits began to routinely laud Destroyer. The eccentric songwriter's response? Dissolve his band and undertake a sabbatical in Spain and Montreal.

Upon his Vancouver return, Bejar unveiled a new Destroyer line-up at the Blinding Light! Cinema. While certain audience members implored him to play "Sublimation Hour" and other standards, he instead led his troupe through the bombastic song cycle that would constitute his fifth album, *This Night*. For some alleged fans, the evening was their 1965 Newport Folk Festival. It would hardly be the last time Bejar dashed expectations or confounded his audience.

Erudite and verbose, Destroyer songs can undoubtedly alienate for the casual listener. Among the dedicated, Bejar's lyrics provide a labyrinth of reference, an inner mythology which kindles the struggle to unravel the Destroyer code. Consequently, Bejar has become a figure of mystery, even though he's commonly seen riding his bike or downing a pint of a local shew. Perhaps he's the best thought of as the enigma next door.

The dearth of interviews further his reclusive image. Via email, Bejar explains to *Disorder* that he actually doesn't receive many interview requests. When they do arrive, they're often courtesy of weeklies looking to promote tour dates. "Those interviews are, for the most part, really painful," he says. "I do them as a favour to [Merge Records], and because some small, sad part of me still believes that more people will come to our shows if I do them." He offers, "I still think the more a career is cultivated by constant media attention, the more it's gonna die by that same sword, meaning the constant lack of media attention."

Bejar can expect more appeals from the press in coming months. Destroyer's *Rubies*, his seventh proper album, will see release on February 21. A North American tour with Magnolia Electric Co. will commence shortly thereafter.

Rubies' cover depicts Bejar in a domestic repose which seems reminiscent of Bob Dylan's *Bringing It All Back Home*. "I did think it could have a similar quality to that tradition of early Dylan or Tim Hardin or Leonard Cohen album shots," he agrees. "Hopefully it's more candid. I have no memory of [the picture] being taken. I also just like things with real pretty light and shadow."

While the album packaging evokes storied troubadours, the ten songs within take their cues squarely from earlier Destroyer records. Completely abandoned are the synth explorations found on the occasionally maligned *Your Blues*—an undertaking Bejar describes as having felt "an aside, or a break, from the get go..."

"The underground rock music scene was feeling particularly loathsome to me in 2003," he recounts. "This Night had already ruffled enough feathers amongst the few thousand people who purported to care about Destroyer music. So everything after that was open season." This attitude

is exemplified by the telling line in "What Road?": "Your backlash was right where I wanted..."

"Your *Blues* was a product of me wanting to posit myself in the tradition of 'vocalist,'" Bejar explains. "As in, the kind of record that would be put in the 'vocalist' section of a particularly thorough used record store." With an air of self-effacement, he says, "That idea got absurd pretty early on. I discovered I couldn't really croon." In accordance with his unconventional warlike, he and producers JC/DC went the "reverse" MIDI route for instrumentation. "I wanted to make a record really emptied of sound but still full of notes."

Despite the innocuous intentions, the resultant album proved Destroyer's most challenging release to date. No less contentious was the subsequent *Notorious Lightning and Other Works* EP, which found Bejar and Frog Eyes calamitously remoulding select *Your Blues* tracks. This release voided any preconceptions of what constitutes a Destroyer disc.

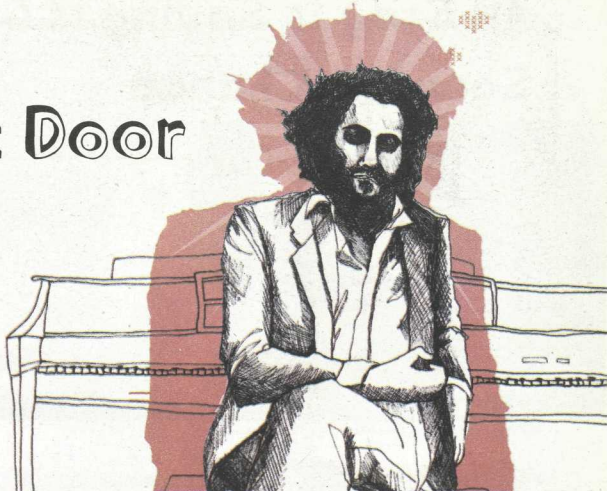
What awaits listeners on Destroyer's *Rubies*? "Five old guys jamming drunk at the Legion," says Bejar. "Except one guy maybe thinks he's in Spain and the inquisition hasn't happened yet." To fulfill such aspirations, Bejar drafted past collaborators Nicolas Bragg (guitar), Fisher Rose (violin/vibraphone/trumpet), Scott Morgan (drums), Ted Bois (piano/organ) and Tim Loewen (bass). On the familiar line-up, Bejar comments, "There are a handful of people that I envision working with again and again, in whatever permutation."

This Night has been described by Bejar as "the sound of the band waging war on the songs." Intriguingly, three members of that era's line-up contribute to the new album's far more complex undertakings. "On *This Night*, songs went off in directions I had definitely not foreseen," says Bejar. "I knew for Destroyer's *Rubies*, I wanted something breezy and easier on the soft/loud dynamic." However, he refutes any suggestions that he actively reined in mavericks like Bragg and Rose. "Since I can't really play an instrument very well, my tendency is to drift on the 'overplaying' of people who have the capability to do so."

Given the contrast between *Rubies* and its immediate predecessor, the question arises whether Bejar sees each album as a reaction to, as opposed to a progression from, the previous record. "There was a fixed band that recorded *This Night* and *Streethawk*," he explains. "For *This Night*, the line-up and studio completely changed. The sound of an album is always dictated by the Destroyer players."

"I don't think the last three albums were specific reactions to what came before," he specifies. "This Night happens to be the closest thing I've done to the kind of rock record I like listening to, which is probably why it's my favourite Destroyer album. *Your Blues* was an idea I had. Destroyer's *Rubies* is a little less obvious in where it falls. People say somewhere between *Streethawk* and *This Night*." Of the new record, he suggests: "[It] was probably the most effortless, downright thoughtless record Destroyer's done. Hopefully that comes across on tape."

Amidst the 9½ minute sprawl of opener "Rubies," Bejar scolds, "Typical me, typical me."



Indeed, this album is trademark Destroyer. Morgan retakes the drum stool for the first time since *Streethawk* and doesn't miss a beat. Bragg reprises his distinctively skewed guitar work from *This Night*. Bois' skillful turn on keys recalls how much the Destroyer complement has missed Jason Zumpano. And, of course, Bejar's inherent lyricism permeates the whole proceedings.

Rubies is also infused with new elements of humour and revelry. Bejar envisioned the album as a live-off-the-floor recording. "My delivery and phrasing have loosened up," he admits, as is evident in lines such as: "Have I told you lately that I love you?/Did I fail to mention there's a sword hanging above you?" Hearkening back to Bejar's aforementioned affection for "light and shadow," *Rubies* freely braces a pensive song like "Looter's Follies" beside the rousing "3000 Flowers" (which features a "monster riff" by modest axe-man Bejar).

Despite previous experiments with strings ("Trembling Peacock"), Bejar did not consider using orchestral arrangements for *Rubies*. He was tempted, however, to include "a chorus of soul-revive style ladies echoing every line that gets sung on every song on the album." Where did that whim go? "I chickened out in favour of the neutered little choir that chants stuff every time a chorus is supposed to happen."

On occasion, *Rubies* is markedly reflective. For "Painter in Your Pocket" and "Watercolours into the Ocean," the calendar turns back to 2002 and 1987. Previous Destroyer albums are repeatedly name-checked. This is not a new tack for Bejar. For example, listen to how the "new ways of living" on *This Night*'s "Modern Painters" expand into a full song on *Your Blues*.

Bejar says such tendencies are instinctive elements of his creative process. "I would never stick something into a song just as an in-joke," he says before swearing. "No really! Referencing yourself tends to occur when you're someone that does something. There's always gonna be an idea that you're never quite done with. I'm bound to stumble into the same kind of images 'cause that's what makes the kind of thing I like 'the kind of thing I like.'"

Due to their recurrent imagery, references, and themes, Destroyer records are occasionally labelled "concept albums." It's a tag Bejar shuns earnestly. "I know how I write," he says, "I know that simply coming up with a concept and working it effectively to its conclusion is an invalid form of art-

making. [That's] why there's so much bad shit out there, or why people might get dazzled by the idea of 50 records for 50 states."

"Writing is good when it stumbles upon good words [poetry], a hint of melody that is memorable and hasn't already been trampled to death, and a style of phrasing a tiny shred of which can almost be called your own," he opines. "Then, if it happens to house some idea that gets sustained from beginning to end over the course of 40 minutes, that's cool too." Playing devil's advocate, Bejar concedes, "I guess *Your Blues* and *This Night* had pretty definitive approaches to production and sound. Maybe that's why someone would say they were conceptual. But that's a musical thing and I'm not really qualified to talk about that stuff. Nor am I really inclined to."

On *Thief* and *Streethawk*, Destroyer railed against music industry and culture. Recently, the theme hasn't provided much inspiration. Even *Rubies'* references to the "wealthy American underground" serve a more functional and poetic purpose.

"I know that phrase comes up twice but it is in a very off-handed way," notes Bejar. "I just noticed embarrassingly recently how generally rich American hipster culture is—and not 'rich' as in 'the language of Shakespeare is rich.'" But Bejar insists his indictments against hipsterdom owe more to songwriting than social critique. "In '3000 Flowers,' 'As the wealthy American underground wept' really does how nicely after 'Like a woman, I was kept.' I think it all conjures up more images of birthright than 'music industry.'"

Uncharacteristically, Bejar recently unearthed a few earlier Destroyer songs. A one-off reunion of the *Thief/Streethawk* line-up occurred in 2004, and his autumn opener for The New Pornographers featured songs off the same albums. Without nostalgia, Bejar says the reunion wouldn't have happened "if it involved more than two practices", and calls the back catalogue support sets a "marriage of convenience."

"None of this will happen again," he assures, the old songs have since been "returned to the earth." "I'm all for abandoning songs," says Bejar, to the chagrin of those listeners intimated in the past. For listeners who treasure new advances, Destroyer's exemplary new album will prove enlightening.



art by Nicole Ondre

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REAL LIVE ACTION



Robert Lockwood Junior
December 4, 2005
The Yale

"Robert Junior" is the only survivor of the group of bluesmen who were born in 1915 in the same 100-mile radius. His contemporaries were musicians like **Muddy Waters**, **Memphis Slim**, and **Sonny Boy Williamson**, and the sheer fact of his continued existence all these years later means that when he comes to town to play some music, all advantage should be taken of the situation. Lockwood was still amazingly vital, and despite the Yale's occasionally awkward "deep" layout, his performance was intimate, with just him, his guitar, and a bass backup as he played a typical blues line-up of his own songs and classics of the genre.

The best thing about Lockwood, however, was his presence. Whenever he spoke, it was terse but captivating. As an example, after one song finished, he looked out at the audience. "Some of you up here might not know too much about me." Pause. "Because it's been fifty years since the last time I was here." Pause. "And I'm mad about it." And then he launched into another song. You just can't buy the chemistry that makes that variety of smooth.

The sad thing about Lockwood is also the great thing about him, which is that he's still around. In the case of his show at the Yale, it meant that a ninety-year-old roots bluesman has made it into times when cell phone calls and, horrifyingly, conversations, interrupt music sets. It only happened once on December 4th, but that kind of thing just shouldn't happen at all.

The show opened with a version of "Love in Vain", which was incredible; in the case of Robert Lockwood, it's not actually exaggerating to say that that was the closest you could ever come to hearing **Robert Johnson** play that song live. Johnson was actually the one who taught Lockwood how to play the guitar when Lockwood was eleven, so it wasn't too surprising that the Robert Johnson Songbook made quite a few appearances in the songlist, all handled very well by Lockwood. The actual songs blended into one another after a while, creating some kind of gigantic blues song; a huge rambling odyssey about the usual blues themes. The effect of this happening was, as you can imagine, pretty startling.

Robert Lockwood Junior on tour seemed like it might just be a bit of a curiosity, a museum piece going around the country playing the expected standards, and unfortunately, that was partially the case. The fact is that Lockwood really is a very skilled musician with a serious amount of performing magnetism, and for a whole variety of reasons, a show by him is not to be missed.

Nicole Barnholden

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Arrested Development

The growing pains of Ariel Pink's Haunted Grafitti

by Saelan Twerdy

In November of 2004, I conducted the first interview that Ariel Rosenberg (aka Ariel Pink) ever did over the phone. Last week, on the eve of his newest release, *House Arrest*, I called him again to talk about his life and upcoming tour. After having grown up in a "cheeseball ghetto" in the hills of LA, the son of Jewish-Mexican immigrant parents (his father is a successful dentist), he spent six years holed up in his one-bedroom apartment in the outskirts of Beverly Hills recording countless cassettes and CD-Rs on incredibly shitty equipment, never expecting anyone to pay attention. A lot of that work is stunning, unhinged genius. Completely whacked-out, damaged, emotionally naked baroque pop that sounds like every hit pop song, commercial jingle, and punk racket from the 60's to the 80's, coming in and out of focus on an FM radio band, heard while dreaming, or half-awake. Even when you're fully lucid, listening to albums from Ariel Pink's Haunted Grafitti series (an as-yet unfinished collection of 10 releases) is like trying to parse dream logic. The layers of fuzz and his impenetrable, but the lingering emotional atmospheres are poignant and haunting. Just like the dreams you only half-remember, they seem to be hinting at something essential and important that remains tantalizingly out of conscious reach. That is, when he's not singing about how much he likes getting high in the morning. Did I mention that he doesn't have a drum kit, so he beatboxes all the rhythms?

The story goes on, of course. He got noticed by Animal Collective, signed to their Paw Tracks imprint, and sent on tour in support of a reissued version of *The Doldrums*, an album that he originally recorded in 1999. Since then, his sister suffered an accident that put her in a coma, his girlfriend left him, his mother and aunt, refugees from Katrina, moved into his apartment, and in every conceivable way, Ariel has been forced to confront the world. The picture I managed to form of him during this conversation has him at a crisis-point in his life. He's uncomfortably lucid (if still heavily self-medicated), creatively blocked, an obvious fuck-up and misfit forced to deal with the prospect of unexpected (and ultimately dubious) success, mildly delusional but definitely endearing. His obsession with music and its history (particularly with home-tapes and eccentrics like himself) is as obvious as his alienation from any kind of visible scene or hipster community. Essentially, he's facing the quandary that, at the age of 27, just as his opportunity has come along, he might be unable to cope with the life of a touring, recording musician (a professional musician, in other words), and he may not have anything left to record. The main subject of this conversation turned out to be what he's going to do with himself from now on.

So, you're not going to take a band with you on this tour? You're just going to do it karaoke-style?
Yeah...completely half-assed, no preparation. But it's going to be in a much more natural environment. Because I've done that for three years and, you know...it's not going to blow anybody away, but it's a more appropriate representation of the music.

Do you like playing live? With people or without?
It's not so much even a playing live thing, because I play with people around all the time, and I can jam and just play in my apartment and do whatever I want. And it's not like I can't do that in front of people. It's usually just a sound thing. And I have to figure that out. If a band offered itself up and they'd already learned all these Ariel Pink songs and they wanted to be my backing band, that would be ideal. I'd sing for them.

I was listening to House Arrest on the way over here and it's just so obvious how difficult it would be to get a band to play it. There's so many layers, and every one of them is you. You can really feel the hours that you spent by yourself tinkering with everything.

That's the thing, man. Why play live at all? I'm giving it one more year, that's what I say, and then I'm not playing live on anybody's dime.

How are things going with Paw Tracks?

It's like a schedule. Every six months, put out an Ariel Pink record. And then promote it. And now I gotta record new shit, right? But I don't have the fucking time! I spent nine months out of the last year touring, and now I'm looking at more than half of that for this year. Granted, I've had all this time to get my shit together, but I don't have my shit together. And now that's got to go on pause again now that I'm on tour. I know it sounds like I'm just all sour grapes, but I'm actually really excited.



From what I've heard, you've got just tons of stuff, like milk crates of tapes of recorded material. If they want to keep taping out albums like this, would you be happy with that?

That's the question, isn't it? And I'm putting out stuff on other labels, too. Basically, anybody that wants to put but stuff is allowed to. I'm certainly not looking for any record deals, but there's apparently a lot of labels and artists that want and can release my stuff. And I'd be more willing to go with a label that wanted to put something out with as little investment from me as possible. Because I can't have my attentions driven to a kind of stuff. I can just give them the artwork and the recordings and have them do everything, and have it end there. Because my commitments are just way too many right now.

Have you recorded anything lately?

Oh, yeah. I record all the time. But lately, it's taken a turn. I guess. I'm not so much recording on the fly anymore. Either I'm artist-blocked or I'm more cautious about what I'm going to do. I was much more self-indulgent in the past. I also feel an enormous amount of pressure to deliver it now, whereas before I never had to worry about, like a deadline or a date of release for anything. I just put it out. I was able to make it because I knew it wasn't going anywhere. With a distant dream, of course, but...sorry, I'm really stoned.

Do you think there were things in your life before that were inspiring you that aren't there anymore?
Yeah, I do. I think a lot of bad things that I wasn't dealing with. I actually believed that my making music for as long as I did so relentlessly was the result of my not dealing with certain traumatic family issues when I was younger. I feel like...after my sister got in the accident, I really made a clean

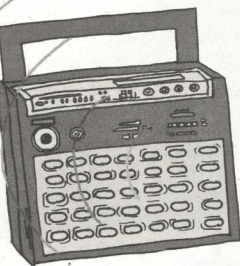
slate and got rid of my grudges with anyone in the family. My isolating myself like that was a product of some sort of childhood trauma. Now that I'm more willing to acknowledge that, I might be less inspired for it, but that doesn't bother me. It's almost like making art is a means to an end for me. The day that I don't do it anymore will be the day that I'm finally happy. It'll have achieved its goal, so to speak. I set out to purge something, not just endlessly.

Can you see yourself doing anything other than recording music?

No, I mean...I've done some very bad life-planning. I think. But it's amazing that people actually think about things in that sense when they're so young. There's always ways to make a living, but I don't have any professional aspirations other than making music. I don't want to work for anybody, man. I don't take well to a fixed environment.

What have you been listening to? Is there anyone around that you relate to in a personal way, that you feel is on the same level as you?

Yeah! I'm always listening to stuff, man. Have you heard any Harry Menn yet? One duh! He's fuckin' 36 years old, still lives with his mom, and



he's a fucking genius, just like unbelievable, out of this world. And he happens to be a good friend of mine, too. But only after I discovered his music. And I'm like a drop-dead, total, quishing fan. I've been listening a lot to the Associates, and all my friends, like John Maus, Chaz Mountain, Supercreep, Bubonic Plague, Indian Jewelry. I tried to get Indian Jewelry to come on tour with me as my support act, but I've got a booking agent now. It's like, what the fuck's a booking agent? They want their artists. So I'm going to be going on tour with the Psychic Ills. Half the tour is them and half the tour is with Belong, who's on Carpark Records.

Were you actually under house arrest at any point?

No! I'm just carless. I haven't had my car since June. It got impounded for unpaid parking tickets. That's another thing I've said goodbye to. No more cars. And now there's a warrant out for my arrest, since I missed one court appearance. But what's the point? I don't wanna drive anymore!

So, I want to talk a bit about the home-taping guys that you mentioned last time we talked. The guys that inspired you. What do people need to know about R. Stevie Moore, for instance?

He's the only guy in rock 'n' roll that has decided to take the daily snapshot, to the point where there's so much material you can pretty much account for every day of his life, in specific years. You can listen to it, it would take you like, three days to listen to all of it back-to-back. Distillations of afternoons spent trying to get the thing together. You can really get a sense of the time and place, and how

long it took for rock and roll to become itself, to do itself. He was there, he was keeping track since 1967, when he was 14 or 15, all the way through now. And he leads this musical heritage life, his dad's a hero, he played bass on everybody's album. Stevie met Elvis Presley when he was five, in 'the studio. He actually got to be on a Jim Reeves single, "You Love Me, Daddy", as a five-year old. So, for me, he's like royalty to me. The fact he's been neglected even slightly as much as he has is beyond me. I can't believe The Wire never wrote something on him. You just go back far enough and ask who was the first to do this, who was the first to do that, and he was doing freaky fucking shit, man, since day one, he made the fucking freest music, way before The Residents. And it's not like a calculated art form, it's the real thing and it stands decodes. I can't think of any other example of anybody that's created so much quality music and so much quantity and has survived the 80's.

You're so into the Cure, though, and all kinds of great 80's bands. Do you think the shift in the 80's was objectively bad? What do you think actually happened?

Video, dude. Video consciousness. It took it to a whole new level. First of all, MTV pretty much just changed the politics of pop music, the way people even banded around about it. The whole outlook became different. It's a total medium change. That why the old guard, like the Eagles and Pink Floyd, and these others artists, had to consolidate themselves to it, but it was foreign to them, this new digital age with drum machines and stuff. And younger, cooler, funkier people from a different walk of life that were actually making a name for themselves in the only industry that they could potentially survive in, which was music, people like Dave Stewart from the Eurythmics. They helped them along. He was songwriting with Tom Petty and Bob Dylan, all those crap records from the 80's were produced by him. What I'm saying is that rock and roll, why nobody survived the 80's, is that everybody ducked out for a second because they were out of their comfort zone. Bands like Led Zeppelin had nothing to lose by just jimping out...

Hey, sorry to interrupt, but I just had a thought: do you like Robert Wyatt?

Oh yeah! So good.

If anyone survived the 80's...

Yeah, him and R. Stevie Moore. I see them as kind of the same thing. Except he's the British one. But he's not so much of a home-taper...he's actually much more dignified. He dealt with being crippled like a fucking god.

He has such a generous spirit. He's not the least bit embittered.

And he's so creative. The music gets him by. He's got a healthy outlook on things. That's what the music should do. It should keep you sane. It shouldn't make you more insane, it shouldn't be bringing out your bad side.

What you said earlier, about music being a means to an end for you...

I can't foresee myself not recording. That's just the facts. But I could stop at any time, that's the way I feel. I wouldn't be worse for it, if that's what I wanted to do. But I also have a lot of respect for what I think is the vital element in the music that I love, which is something that I think is feeling in every artist. It's like a stage in their development. Not at the beginning, but two or three steps away from the beginning and everything after is shit, it's like the song-and-dance routine. So I'm very skeptical about proceeding if I don't have that element of not knowing, of the innocence you have when you first start doing stuff. If I get too comfortable writing stuff that's just going to be boring, then I'm not going to keep doing it. They say it's good to change your medium every ten years or so. You should try all sorts of things. I like to do stuff, to create. But even if I didn't want to do that, if I wanted to sit and watch TV all day, it would just be because I want to be happy.

Art by Zoë Alexander



UNDER REVIEW



Cadence Weapon Breaking Kayfabe (Upper Class)

Edmonton isn't exactly a hotbed of hip hop. Growing up in the 1980s, the primary source for dope beats and rhymes was *The Black Experience* in Sound, a program on the local campus radio station helmed by the late, great DJ T-E-D-Y. It's only appropriate then that the greatest hip hop record to ever come out of E-Town, if not western Canada, is his son Cadence Weapon's debut album *Breaking Kayfabe*. That might seem like a faint praise but it isn't. Cadence Weapon has crafted a promising-yet-flawed record which is truly original.

Undeniably, the strengths of *Breaking Kayfabe* are his self-produced beats. *Breaking Kayfabe* challenges the listener with its layered, sometimes chaotic and nearly constantly shifting sample-heavy textures. Instead of subscribing to the conventional, endlessly looping and unchanging beats of most hip-hop, Cadence Weapon's rarely static soundscapes often switch up unpredictably during the course of the track, as in "Turning On Your Sign", the

strongest cut on the album.

The record's major problem, though, are Cadence Weapon's raps, which, for the most part, employ pedestrian flows and cadences. Those looking for elite emceeing should look elsewhere. He told me in December that this is because some of the material here dates back to when he was only 14 years old, and that his next record is on another level. Nevertheless, his raps show a ton of promise because, at the age of 19, he exudes charisma and has already cultivated his own distinct personality on the mic. In "Oliver Square", he makes the nightlife of Edmonton actually seem quite amazing. Take it from me, that's a mind-boggling accomplishment.

Graham Preston

Test Icicles For Screening Purposes Only (Domino)

I guarantee that at least a quarter of this band's potential audience will discard them because of their name. Matching the sophistication of The Weill Hungarians, it's the kind of moniker that will do a band to perpetual obscurity. So it's lucky for this London trio that,

when spinning *For Screening Purposes Only*, the sheer stupidity of their name is the last thing on your mind. In fact, this album gloriously lobotomizes, reducing you to a glazed-over state of thought-paralysis, in which the only two actions you're capable of are howling and dancing.

Test Icicles get to know you with opener "Your Biggest Mistake" (which, for the tame listener, could be the act of pushing Play). They present their ultimatum through a hardcore blitzkrieg of hornet-sting guitars and banshee screams, clutching you by the throat and dragging you through nine circles of sonic intensity, a chaotic world from which (as it is shrieked repeatedly) there is "No Escape". Only the third track, a brief organ interlude, offers any refuge. Test Icicles are not going to give you any breaks. Either you get on board or you get the fuck out. There isn't any in-between. By the time the album's pair of singles arrive, "Boa vs. Python", and "Circle, Square, Triangle", the Icicles have already invoked a kind of Faustian power. Surrendering to their brand of evil is irresistibly seductive. Fans of all genres can



Cadence Weapon



Tortoise and Bonnie 'Prince' Billy



Tortoise and Bonnie 'Prince' Billy

fall victim to their sound, as they span indie, hardcore, dance, and even old-school rap, often in a matter of seconds. "Circle, Square, Triangle" is the most straightforward mutant of the album, pouncing with rusty razor guitars and, miraculously, even accommodating handclaps for a moment or two while your body is in the throes of total dance-conversion, the musical equivalent to an exorcism.

This album has a truly mammoth sound, and due to its frantic production, some of the subtleties are shrouded. The ear reacts to songs like "Catch It" with immediate panic, but this track, along with most of the album's gruesome roster, saves the best tricks for the attentive listener. This is the kind of demented fun everyone is waiting for, and it'll last you for however long you're willing to sign your soul away. It's an album gripping in its intensity, but still sophisticated. And you never would've guessed it. I mean, the name of the band is Test Icicles. Seriously.

Mike LaPointe

Tortoise and Bonnie 'Prince' Billy The Brave and the Bold (Overcoat)

Well, here it is indie-rockers, the dream collaboration of Tortoise and Bonnie 'Prince' Billy, together at last. 2005 was an inventive and iconoclastic year for Will Oldham: first re-recording his own pseudonym, then releasing a surprisingly splendid live album, and now a covers album with some of his old-time friends. The album reinterprets an eclectic assortment of songs by artists and bands that have been an appreciable influence on Billy and Co., from Bruce Springsteen's "Thunder Road" to The Minutemen's "It's Expected I'm Gone" and Richard Thompson's "Calvary Cross". Elements of both Tortoise and BBP can be heard in the original songs, particularly the fascinating lyrics on all of the tracks chosen, indicative of Oldham's own innovative writing.

The bands present a varied reading and re-assembly of all of the songs. *The Brave and the Bold* traverses through different moods: a low-down

blues number, a crazy rocket synthesizer piece, to crashing and screaming feedback and haunting electric guitars. Their abrasive and creepy version of "Daniel" takes the song far from the sugary-sweet melancholy of Elton John's original tearful serenade, using distorted, gravelly vocals and a strange scratching and grating loop. For me, this is the stand-out track on the record (though on a personal note, it is the song my brother was named after). The light-hearted ditty "Pancho" by Don Williams takes the album down a much happier trail, despite the heart-breaking lyrics. However, this is quickly juxtaposed with the blaring bass line intro and chaotic electric guitars of "That's Pepp" by Devo.

Complex, haunting and seemingly evil in certain places, this album is not an easy listen. However, the skilled adaptation of the originals is testament to the mastery and versatility of Tortoise, and the ability of Bonnie 'Prince' Billy to keep his voice infinitely intriguing.

Sarah Spencer

CITR CHARTS!



CITR's charts and reflects what has been spun on the air for the previous month. Rekkids with stars mean they come from this great land o' ours. Most of these platfers can be found at [finer \(read: independent\) music stores across Vancouver](http://finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver). If you can't find 'em there give the Muzak Coordinator a shout at 604-822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely he'll tell you how to get 'em. To find out other great campus/community radio charts check out www.earshot-online.com.

#	ARTIST	Title	Label
1	Bell Orchestre*	Recording A Tape The Colour of The Light	Rough Trade
2	The Cripples	Culture	Ditnap
3	Lady Sovereign	Vertically Challenged	Chocolate Industries
4	Clorox Girls	This Dimention	Smart Guy
5	Various	I Love Guitar Wolf...Very Much	Narnack
6	Windy and Carl	The Dream House	Kronky
7	Coldcut	Everything is Under Control	Ninja Tune
8	Secret Mommy*	Very Rec	Ache
9	The Black Halos*	Alive Without Control	Liquor And Poker
10	Calvin Johnson	Before the Dream Faded	K
11	Twink	The Broken Record	Seeland
12	Golden Dogs*	Everything In 3 Parts	True North
13	Dandi Wind*	Concrete Igloo	Toddenschlat
14	Beck	Remix EP #2	Interscope
15	Acid Mothers Temple & The Cosmic Inferno	IAO Chant From the Cosmic Inferno	Ace-Fu
16	The Gris Gris	For the Season	Birdman
17	Wooden Wand and the Vanishing Voice	XIAO	Troubleman Unlimited
18	Various*	Zombie Night in Canada 2	Stumble
19	Rich Hope and His Evil Doers*	Rich Hope and his Evil Doers	Maximum
20	Caribou*	Marino Audio	Domino
21	We Are Wolves*	Non Stop	Fat Possum
22	Broadcast	Tender Buttons	Warp
23	River City Tanlines	All 7 Inches Plus 2 More	Ditnap
24	Death From Above 1979*	Romance: Bloody Romance: Remixes	Last Gang
25	Jan Jelinek	Kosmischerpich	-Scope

#	ARTIST	Title	Label
26	The Alley Dukes*	Northern Neckeds	Flying
27	The Orb	Okie Doke It's The Orb On Kompakt	Kompakt
28	Saint Etienne	Tales From Turnpike House	Savoy
29	Ennio Morricone	Crime And Dissonance	Ipecac
30	Richie Hawtin*	DEP: Transitions	Minus
31	Ghost House*	Departures	Independent
32	Hinterland*	The Picture Plane	Submerged
33	The Vertical Struts*	The Vertical Struts	Pop Echo
34	The Doers*	The Plastic Bass EP	Red Cat
35	Silver Jews	Tanglewood Numbers	Drog City
36	Test Icicles	For Screening Purposes Only	Domino
37	Akron/Family/Angels of Light	Spit	Young God
38	The Advantage	Elf Titled	SRC
39	We Are Scientists	With Love and Squalor	Virgin
40	Morricone Youth	Silenzo Violento	Country Club
41	The Tranzmilitars*	The Tranzmilitars EP	Independent
42	Shalabi Effect*	Unfortunately	Alien8
43	Deerhunter	Turn It Up, Faggots	Stickfigure
44	Ulrich Schnauss	Far Away Trains Passing By	Domino
45	Elefant	Sunlight Makes Me Paranoid	Kernado
46	Arab Strap	The Last Romance	Transdreamer
47	Foster Kare*	In Formation Go the Heard	Independent
48	Kate Bush	Aerial	EMI
49	Aids Wolf*	The Lovers LP	Lovepump United
50	Carisak*	S/T	Drip Audio

Ryan Adams

'29' is the third album in a trilogy released by Ryan Adams. A solo album of all new and original material.

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For 62 years, CTR 101.9 FM radio has provided the most dynamic programming on the airwaves. Broadcasting from the Student Union Building, CTR has welcomed and trained thousands of UBC and community volunteers who have used their experiences to launch successful careers. Harry Hertscheg, donor and Chair of the CTR Board of Directors, is calling upon alumni and former community members of the station to support the CTR Capital Campaign, which will raise funds for major upgrading of broadcast equipment, facilities, and a new Podcast service called CTR On Demand. "Your contribution to one of Canada's truly independent community radio stations would ensure that CTR continues to provide an important service to UBC students and Greater Vancouver communities."

To make a one-time donation, contact UBC Development Coordinator Angie Smashnuk at 604-822-5345, angie.smashnuk@ubc.ca, or visit www.supporting.ubc.ca, and keep CTR on the airwaves.

www.citr.ca/capital

CITR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE



AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World)

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

<www.africanrhythmsradio.com>

AFROBEAT (World)

In two hours, I take the listener for a spin—musically—around the world: my passion is African music and music from the Diaspora.

Afrobeat is where you can catch up on the latest in the "World Music" scene and reminisce on the classic collections. Don't miss it.

<myafrobeat@yahoo.com>

ALT. RADIO (Pop)

Hosted by David B.

AND SOMETIMES WHY (Pop/Eclectic)

First Wednesday of every month.

ANODE (Noise)

Luke Mead infiltrates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

AURAL TENTACLES (Eclectic)

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (Hip Hop)

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Roots)
Real cowshit-caught-in-her-boots country.

BLUE MONDAY (Goth/Industrial)

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-

retro-goth program. Music to schtamp to, hosted by Coreen.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic)

Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock)

THE CANADIAN WAY (Eclectic)

Independent Canadian music from almost every genre imaginable covering the east coast to the left coast and all points in between. Yes, even Montréal! <thecanadianway@popstar.com>

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop)

British pop music from all decades.

CODE BLUE (Roots)

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban trap honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk)

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (French)

«En Avant la musique» se concentre sur le mélange des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Eclectic)

EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experimental)

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore)

Up the punx, down the emol Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. flexyourhead.com

FOLK OASIS (Roots)

Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks? Allergic to patchouli? C'mon! In A Kumbaya-free zone since 1997.

<folk-oasis@canada.com>

GENERATION ANNIHILATION (Punk)

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary. www.streetpunkradio.com

<crashinburrito@yahoo.ca>

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (Hans Kloss)

This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

HIGHBRED VOICES (World)

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (Eclectic)

IN THE SHADOWS (Hip Hop)

THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz)

Vancouver's longest running prime-time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy, Gavin Walker. Features at 11:00, as filed.

Feb 6: We salute Black History Month with one of the great and still controversial recordings in jazz history drummer Max Roach's "Freedom Now Suite".

Singer Abbey Lincoln and tenor saxophone pioneer Coleman Hawkins and all of Roach's working band make this a powerful, angry and moving document for our time.

Feb 13: Miles Davis and Gil Evans' rendition of Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" was the peak recording of the Davis/Evans hook-up. Evans' arrangements of this music take it in a different direction and inspire Miles to some of his most deeply emotional playing.

Feb 20: "Mingus Presents Mingus" is considered by many to be the great bassist/composer's most significant recording. Just four people including bass clarinetist/alto saxophonist Eric Dolphy, trumpeter Don Curney and drummer Danthe Richmond add up to absolute dynamic chemistry.

Feb 27: "Consequence" is a previously rare album by master alto saxophonist Jackie McLean. (It has just recently been re-released). McLean alongside front line partner, trumpeter Lee Morgan is one of the best blends in modern jazz. McLean and Morgan backed by a hot rhythm section including drummer Billy Higgins cannot miss and they don't!

JUICE BOX (Talk)

Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span! <www.juiceboxradio.com>

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk)

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (World)

The best mix of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

LET'S GET BAKED W/ MAT + DAVE (Eclectic)

Vegan baking w. "rock stars" like Sharp Like Knives, Whitey Houston, The Novaks and more.

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS... (Eclectic)

A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordie Sparkle.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL (Live Music)

Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent! LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this. This month will probably be the best month ever.

MOTORDADDY (Rock)

Cycle-riffic rock and roll

MORNING AFTER SHOW (Eclectic)

MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

<myscienceprojectradio@yahoo.ca>

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (TK)

A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination.

culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVITUDE PRESENTS...

(Nardwuar)

NECESSARY VOICES (Talk)

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too. <www.necessaryvoices.org> <necessaryvoices@telus.net>

NUTHOUSE RADIO THEATRE (Drama)

All-original Canadian radio drama and performance art written and performed live-to-air by our very own team of playwrights and voice-actors. We also welcome you to get involved, whether you are a professional or inexperienced...

OPEN SECRETS (Talk)

Hey it's a sexual health show, kind of like Juice Box which it alternates with but the hosts are different!

OUR WAVE (World)

News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad.

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots)

Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and "The

Lovely Andrea" Berman.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop)

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY (Talk)

Viva la Velourition! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! <www.bikesexual.org>

PLANET LOVETRON (Dance/Electronic)

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder; Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanish. <robertrobot@gmail.com>

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (Dance/Electronic)

Cutting-edge, progressive organ music with resident Halcich and various guest performers/DJs. Bye-bye civilisation, keep smiling blue, where's me bloody anesthetic then? <<http://plutonian.org>>

POWERCHORD (Metal)

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwaah, and Metal Ron do the damage.

QUEER FM (Talk)

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RADIO ZERO (Eclectic)

REEL TO REAL (Talk)

Movie reviews and criticism.

REGGAE LINKUP (Reggae)

Hardcore dancehall reggae. Hosted by sister B.

RHYMES AND REASONS (Hip Hop)

DJ Knowone slaves over hot-mil-track to bring a continuous mix of fresh every week. Made from scratch, samples, and just a few drops of fame. Our tables also have plethora of guest DJs, performers, interviews, giveaways. Strong Bad, and occasional public service announcements. <eno_work@yahoo.ca>

RHYTHMSINDIA (World)

Rhythmindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhojans, and also Gawaiis, pop, and regional

language numbers.

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae)

Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

RUMBLTONE RADIO (Rock)

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

SAINT TROPEZ (Pop)

International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

SALARIO MINIMO (World)

The SATURDAY EDGE (Roots)

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music, calendar, and ticket giveaways. 8AM-9AM: African/World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

SHADOW JUGGLERS (Dance/Electronic)

An exciting show of Drum n' Bass with DJs Jimungie & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for give-aways everyweek. Keep feelin da beatz.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IX DRIVE! (Ska)

Email requests to: <cdjska_1@hotmail.com>

SON OF NITE DREAMS (Eclectic)

SWEET AND HOT

Sweet dance music and hot jazz

from the 1920s, 30s, and 40s.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/Synthetic/Electronic)

THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hip Hop)

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes the underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock)

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless novel may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll Dredder than the most dangerous criminal!

<boninstydyne@hotmail.com>

THUNDERBIRD RADIO NEWS (Talk)

A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media." On hiatus "18 September 7th and 9th.

TRANSCENDANCE (Dance)

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystic-al. <trancendance@hotmail.com>

UNCOMMON PRACTICE (Classical)

All the classical music you don't hear on mainstream radio! A variety of innovative and interesting works

from the 20th and 21st centuries, with an occasional neglected masterpiece from earlier eras.

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (Goth/Industrial/Metal)

Dark, sinister music to soothe and/or move the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake. <thevampiresball@yahoo.ca>

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk)

All the best of the world of punk rock has to offer in the wee hours of the morn. Hosted by Trevor.

WE ALL FALL DOWN (Eclectic)

Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports)

List the sports dept, for their coverage of the T-Birds.

WIGFLUX RADIO (Reggae)

Listen to Selecta Krystabelle for your reggae education.

W.I.N.G.S (Talk)

Womens International News Gathering Service

WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND (Eclectic)

3000
3000
3000

Sunday

Monday

Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

Friday

Saturday

6 ^{pm}										6 ^{pm}
7	BBC	BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN' (RT)	BBC	BBC				BBC	7
8	TANA RADIO (WO)	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (EC)	HIGHBRED VOICES (WO)	FILL-IN	SUBURBAN JUNGLE (EC)	END OF THE WORLD NEWS (EC)	BBC			8
9	FILL-IN				WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND (EC)				THE SATURDAY EDGE (RT)	9
10	AFROBEAT (WO)		THIRD TIMES THE CHARM (RR)			SWEET 'N' HOT (EC)	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (SK)			10
11		LIANS AND TIGERS AND BEARS (EC)	MORNING AFTER SHOW (EC)		ANNOIZE (NO)				GENERATION ANNIHILATION (PU)	11
12 ^{pm}						FILL-IN				12 ^{pm}
1	ROCKERS SHOW (RG)	ALT. RADIO (PO)	FILL-IN		FILL-IN	WE ALL FALL DOWN (EC)	THESE ARE THE BREAKS (HH)		POWERCHORD (MT)	1
2		PARTS UNKNOWN (PO)			DEMOCRACY NOW (TK)	INKSTUDS (TK)	RADIO ZERO (EC)			2
3	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (RT)	LETS GET BAKED (EC)	EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (FR)		RUMBLTONE RADIO (RR)	MOTORDADDY (RR)	RHYMES & REASONS (HH)	NARDWUAR PRESENTS (NW)	CODE BLUE (RT)	3
4	FILL-IN	NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (TK)								4
5	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (PO)	CITIZEN NEWS (TK)	WENER'S BBQ (SP)		NECESSARY VOICES (TK)	MY SCIENCE PROJECT (TK)	PEDAL REVOLUTION (TK)	TBIRD RADIO NEWS (TK)	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (WO)	5
6	SAINT TROPEZ (PO)	W.I.N.G.S (TK)								6
7	QUEER FM (TK)	SON OF NITE DREAMS (EC)	UNCOMMON PRACTICE (CL)	FLEX YOUR HEAD (HC)	AND SOMETIMES WHY (PO/EC)	BLUE MONDAY (GO)	NUTHOUSE RADIO THEATRE (DR)	THE CANADIAN WAY (EC)	OUR WAVE (WO)	7
8		WIGFLUX RADIO (RG)			JUCEBOOK (TK)	OPEN SECRETS (TK)	EXQUISITE CORPSE (EX)	AFRICAN RHYTHMS (WO)	SHADOW JUGGLERS (DC)	8
9	RHYTHMSINDIA (WO)		SALARIO MINIMO (WO)				LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL (LM)	PLANET LOVETRON (DC)	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (DC/EC)	9
10	TRANSCENDANCE (DC)	THE JAZZ SHOW (JZ)	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (HH)	CAUGHT IN THE RED (RR)	FOLK OASIS (RT)		LAUGH TRACKS (TK)	IN THE SHADOWS (HH)		10
11					HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (HK)			I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (EC)	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (DC)	11
12 ^{pm}		VENGEANCE IS MINE! (PU)								12 ^{pm}
1										1
2										2
3	BBC		AURAL TENTACLES (EC)							3
4		BBC			BBC	BBC	THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (G/MT)		REGGAE LINKUP (RG)	4
5										5
6										6

CL=classical • DC=dance/electronic • DR=drama • EC=eclectic • EX=experimental • FR=French language • G=goth/industrial • HC=hardcore • HH=hiphop • HK=Hans Kloss • JZ=jazz
LM=live music • LO=lounge • MT=metal • NO=noise • NW=Nardwuar • PO=pop • PU=punk • RG=reggae • RR=rock • RT=roots • SK=ska • SP=sports • TK=talk • WO=world

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february's finest
new sounds

Four Tet Everything Ecstatic Parts 1&11 CD/DVD

Is this your internal narrative: "Dum-de-dum... What the!?! Everything Ecstatic again? But, but, but why? Could this be excessive? Um, well, here's the BIG QUESTION: do I love **Four Tet**? Of course I do! I really do!" If this imaginary voice is yours, then go for it — get this sugar all over again! And take note: yes, sure, this is the same album, but it's also different, maybe better, perhaps more ecstatic. Is this possible? Yes, yes it is. Here's what you get: **Everything Ecstatic** remade as a video collection on DVD, plus a whole other CD EP of new tunes and new mixes of album tracks, which **Kieran Hebden, Mr. Four Tet** himself, describes as "music that has come from ideas I had once I started to lay material from **Everything Ecstatic** live." Uh, okay, Wicked! Featuring the directorial work of **Jodie Mack, Dan Wilde, Kieran Hebden, Jason Evans, Tom Kemp, Ed Holdsworth, William Jeffers, Wool Wan-Bau, Kieran Hebden and Kathryn Birt, and Sam Jeffers.**

CD/DVD 16.98

Test Icicles For Screening Purposes Only CD

From the opening notes of this eagerly awaited debut by one of London's hottest new bands, **Test Icicles** make it clear that they aren't about to hold anything back. Everything is cranked up full bore out of the gates, but this album is full of a million interesting twists and turns with more than a few catchy, standout tracks. The obvious single is "Circle Square Triangle," which is no less edgy than the first of the record but has the kids pushing you out of the way en route to the dance floor. Another standout is "Boa vs Python," which doesn't let up for a second but for some reason you just can't avert your eyes or ears from this perfect twelve car pile up. Most obvious reference points which jump to mind range from **Les Savy Fes** (completely unrepentant) to **The Blood Brothers** (acid throated vocals) and at their most harmonic moments, a more dangerous and even more stylish **Bloc Party**. These kids have created one hell of a racket and possibly the finest mess of the new year, get ready to destroy your ears to this one.

CD 16.98

Jenny Lewis and the Watson Twins Rabbit Fur Coat CD

Imagine yourself: clinging to your life in a scumbag hotel in the deep south where the only thing hotter than the latest strain of dengue on your brow is the sun baked roof of your '68 Dodge Dart parked out front. The previous night had unfolded like a vivid nightmare. You can remember a crazy all-night drive out of Tucson and alternating discs between **Laura Nyrø's Gonna Take A Miracle** and **Dylan's New Morning**. Clocking miles to this mellow mix of country folk gossip, you didn't really notice the sunrise or the fact that you were still wearing that blonde wig you found in the can of the Hotel Congress. Your face looked like a crumpled envelope postmarked by the lips of all the cool guys — **Conor Oberst, Ben Gibbard** and **M. Ward**. Maybe a change of address and a change of name is in order... **Jenny Lewis** sounds fine. Getting out of your sack, you head downstairs to the lounge for a plate of eggs and take a seat in the booth next to a couple of twins named **The Watsons**. They come on like turtlesloves in May and seem to know more about you than you do, especially some loggy details about a career in music. This much you do know — Music is therapeutic... and so you form a band and agree to sing some of the lines out muleskin collection. The result is a gorgeous album of dark ballads and peppered heart songs... who ever said leaving your old self behind was hard? Recommended.

CD 16.98

Cat Power The Greatest CD/LP

The straight story has it that **Cham Marshall** a.k.a. **Cat Power** walked into **Big Star's** legendary Ardent Studios with a soulful collection of previous ballads that piqued the ear and the interest of Memphis, legendary session players including members of **Al Green's** Hi-Records band. The curved story tells it that after years pursued by questions of enigma, existential searching and serene eclecticism, **Marshall** arrived in a place where through the alchemy of this spirited collaboration her best music was to destiny to happen. Following up her masterful **You Are Free** would never be easy, but here — no matter which story you buy into — **Cat Power** proves she can take her feathery detached voice and haunting introspective sonic vision anywhere she chooses. Her latest, **The Greatest**, offers twelve entrancing tracks that breathe with a cool confidence and a delicate blend of sensuous soul, folk-blues and rambling country balladry. Promising to get your year to a great start, this album is simply put a mandatory listen, especially if you hate being all jammed up inside.

CD 14.98 LP 16.98

Belle and Sebastian The Life Pursuit CD/DVD

When it's cold and dark outside and you're looking for a little light to lift you from your doldrums, what better choice could be made but to lay the new **B&S** long-player on the stereo? It's been a long time coming, this pretty pop gem from everybody's favourite Scottish wallflowers, but proves it was well worth the wait. Front-man **Stuart Murdoch** has muscled up the band's sound, continuing along the path that **Dear Catastrophe Waitress** blazed, taking **Belle and Sebastian** beyond the mere wispy to full-blown pop orchestral. Once again tackling tales of love and heartbreak in a charming, not always reliable first-person narrative, **Murdoch** has crafted another fine record capable of enlivening even the dreariest of Vancouver Winter days. We expect a run on **Earl Grey and Belle and Sebastian** — especially as they grace the Commodore stage March 24th — get there early! **The Life Pursuit** is available Feb 7th.

CD/DVD 16.98



Psychic Ills Dins CD

Don't you think, sometimes, it's wise to not grow up? Damn...! Brand new drone from Brooklyn's stellar Social Registry label (**Blood on the Wall, Gang Gang Dance**). The **Ills** play hissed-out **J. Spaceman** and **Sonic Boom** style dark and enchanted early, early morning comedown music where mysterious field hollers slowly creep out in frosty mouthfuls from beneath blankets of deadbeat drumabats. Music played by wasted kazobones for people like you who just may think it's time to hideshow. Yeah, Yeah!

CD 16.98

Robert Pollard

From a Compound Eye CD

Bobby Pollard has officially signed the divorce papers and **GBV** is no more. What does that mean? Is the infamous and hard-drinking prog/punk/psych/pop wizard gonna start a slow honeyside into old age and wait silently for his indie-rock pension cheque to arrive? Are you seeing ghosts? Is he? Between the buttons and blankets of boxes of unwashed dishes this guys gonna be pulling out from under his bed in the years to come, he's crafted for us a future classic and unleashed it, like the large-hearted boy he is.

CD 16.98

Tortoise & Bonnie Prince Billy Brave & The Bold CD

Good friends, young friends, friends who are no longer quite so young, but who wish to remain connected to good music and who expect your idols to matre with you, here is your record. **Will Oldham's Bonnie Prince Billy** still has always had a penchant for cover tunes (who among us did not love the **More Ravey EP**), and this time around, he enlists the help of Chicago post-rockers **Tortoise** to fill up the white space surrounding his voice. **Oldham** has a certain way of turning straw into gold, and does so with the ten tunes on this cd, offering up his special brand of weirdo magic on songs by artists as diverse as **Eton James** and **Lunafish**. Hear it to believe it, friends, and then share it with those you love.

CD 16.98

THE VANCOUVER SOUND:

Hinterland

The Picture Plane CD

Following up on their stellar debut **Under the Waterline**, hometown bliss-rockers **Hinterland** further develop their unique penchant for atmospheric rock anthems with this great sophomore release! Billowed on some intricately woven blasts of dense guitar heroics and equally soaring angelic vocals, this new sojourn should ultimately vault Vancouver's best kept sonic secret into a realm alongside the other like minded peers of your record collection: **Interpol, Mogwai** and **The Warlocks**. Enjoy.

CD 12.98

Young and Sexy

Panic When You Find it CD

My neighbors are either listening to music or making love, but never both at the same time. For them, the two are mutually exclusive, in such that both acts don't exist in the same possible world of time and space. This way their two priorities are clearly delineated and nothing gets in the way of their total satisfaction. I, on the other hand, don't subscribe to this orderly living, and was very keen to take this gorgeous pop record out for a few test trials. Combining all the flourishes of great '60s baroque songwriting as well as some stunning soulful elements, **Young and Sexy's Panic When You Find it** performs very well in the bedroom — especially the opening bars of their quixotic piano-led **"The Carious Organ"**. Appropriately available on Feb 14th

CD 14.98



ALL FOR SWINGING THESE AROUND:

East River Pipe
What Are You On? CD

The Gossip - Standing In
The Way of Control CD

Blood Meridian
Soldiers of Christ CDEP

Sunset Rubdown
s/t CDEP

National Trust
Kings and Queens CD

Ariel Pink's Haunted
Graffiti

House Arrest CD/LP

Lesbians on Ecstasy
Giggles in the Dark
Remixes CD

Pearls and Brass
The Indian Tower CD/LP

Matt Pond PA - Several
Arrows Later CD/LP

The Elected
Sun, Sun, Sun CD/LP

Clap your hands say yeah!
s/t LP

The Ladies
They Mean Us CD/LP

Phillip Warren - Electronic
Music (1968-1971) 2CD

INSTORE NEWS: A very DOSE ONE poetry reading!

Date and time TBA.
Keep your eyes peeled
for in-store posters.

ZULU'S ART NEWS:
Jaret Penner "Lick the Dew"
Now on until Feb 28th 2006



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